

THE LIVING AGE



CONTENTS for March, 1932

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.'

THE GUIDE POST

BEFORE Wickham Steed became editor of the London *Times* at the close of the War, he had served as special correspondent of that paper in Central Europe and then as foreign editor in London. More recently he has edited the *British Review of Reviews* and now he contributes regularly to the *Sunday Times* of London, an entirely different enterprise from the daily paper of the same name, though it expresses very much the same Conservative point of view. Now that C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* has died, Mr. Steed and Mr. J. L. Garvin are the only outstanding British journalists left with careers dating back to the pre-war period who are still at the top of their profession. It would be hard to find anyone in England or any other nation better qualified than Mr. Steed to give an accurate interpretation of the events that have led up to the present chaos in the Far East.

DURING 1931 the French lost most of the friends they ever had across the Channel and their recent policies are now being attacked in books and magazines as well as in the daily press. A contributor to the *Week-end Review*, which began life as a moderately Conservative paper two years ago but which has drifted further to the left since then, accuses the Comité des Forges of 'calling the French tune.' The *Journal des Débats*, from which we have occasionally translated articles and which was the only important Paris newspaper not bribed by the Russians before the War, is now partly controlled by the French heavy industries and therefore shouts for preparedness and security. The *New Statesman and Nation*, a frankly radical weekly dominated by J. M. Keynes, is just as anti-French as the more moderate *Week-end Review* and it takes Paul Einzig's new book, *Behind the Scenes of International Finance*, as a text for a wholesale accusation of the country in whose defense millions of Americans and English fought and died fourteen years ago but which now has few friends anywhere in the Anglo-Saxon world. And just to show what all the shouting is about

we wind up with an editorial from *Le Temps*, semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, telling the Americans and the Germans exactly where they can get off.

THE foreign press has been so full of prophecies that Germany is on the verge of collapse and therefore ripe for Fascism and Communism that we are giving three utterly extremist views of that country. First comes Adolf Hitler's New Year's message to his followers, which is something more than bombast if read with a discerning eye. Then comes a leading editorial from the *Rote Fabne*, official organ of the Communist Party. The first part of this article gives a thoroughly intelligent analysis of the present situation, but the closing portion is even more bombastic than Hitler. Finally, come the opinions of Leon Trotsky as interpreted by the editor of the *Weltbühne*, radical Berlin weekly, who became an international celebrity a few months ago when he was sentenced to a year and a half in jail for revealing that his country was secretly spending money on military aviation. We believe that our readers will agree that Trotsky's views are not only the most interesting of the three presented here, but also the most sound.

RACE suicide used to be a kind of bogey to believers in white supremacy—now, on account of unemployment, the declining birth-rate in Europe and the United States is regarded more as a blessing than anything else. In any event, Malthus's theory that wars and epidemics were desirable because they got rid of surplus inhabitants who could not be fed is now blown sky high. Two German students present two interpretations of the new population trend. Dr. Kuczynski says that population depends on the number of babies each woman can bear in her life and has nothing to do with marriages. His article is a reply to a book by Dr. Ernst Kahn entitled the *International*
(Continued on page 93)

THE LIVING AGE

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In 1844



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The World Over

THE FEW shreds of evidence that have come our way implicate the French as the instigators of Japan's attack on Shanghai. The *Rote Fabne*, official organ of the German Communist Party, announces that it is in a position to state that the Japanese Government received a loan of eighty million francs from France, eighty per cent of which was at once spent on armaments provided by the Schneider-Creusot works. As we go to press, American correspondents are also circulating anti-French rumors, the *New York Times* having stated that the Japanese bombardment was temporarily halted at the request of a third power that was neither America nor England.

There are four perfectly good reasons for believing that France has backed Japan. First, the French press has been consistently favorable to Japan for some years past, an attitude that it maintained even during the Shanghai attack. Secondly, France is consolidating herself in Indo-China, where the natives have been raising disturbances, and therefore she would look with favor on any power that opposed the spread of nationalism on the Asiatic mainland. Thirdly, France lives in deadly fear of a Russo-German alliance and therefore supports any power that is fighting the interests of Russia—as Japan certainly is. And in the fourth place France has been determined to prevent the Disarmament Conference from achieving even the smallest measure of success since her control of Europe rests ultimately on her own army and on the troops of Poland and the Little Entente. The Shanghai bombardment, coming when it did, took care of that.

The essence of the Far Eastern crisis is that it is part of the world crisis.

Just as the Wall Street crash had repercussions throughout Europe which, in turn, led to Germany's difficulties of last summer and their consequent repercussions in the United States, so the Far Eastern explosion was possible only because of the condition of Europe and America, and echoes from China are now ringing throughout the world. When Japan seized Manchuria only the United States protested for fear the Japanese troops would penetrate beyond the Great Wall. When the Shanghai bombardment began, Britain finally lined up with America, and it was not until Japan seemed likely to ride roughshod over all Asia that France even went through the motions of objecting.

Last fall, Paris did not hesitate to start a run on the dollar in order to force America's hand during the Laval-Hoover conversations, and the British, as two articles in this issue show, have become quite familiar with the versatility and ruthlessness of post-war French diplomacy. It would therefore be entirely in character for the French to have used Japan's Manchurian adventure first as a threat to Russia and then as a means of destroying the Disarmament Conference. At one time it seemed likely that the British might take a similar course, not because of disarmament, but in order to confront the United States with a solid front of European powers in the Far East, as a prelude to the front that will have to be formed some day in Europe in regard to debts and reparations. But Shanghai served the interests of France alone because its sole purpose, as far as Europe was concerned, was to torpedo disarmament.

As matters now stand, our prophecies of a month ago that the world crisis would come to a head in February are being fulfilled ahead of schedule. It was of course impossible to say where the lightning would strike, and the Far Eastern crisis is not the end of the culmination of the crisis but merely the beginning. It has given us our first practical lesson in the fatal and extensive ramifications of world politics. Where the next blow will fall we cannot say, but it will fall soon.

NO RESPONSIBLE group of men in the world has a more thorough grasp of the realities of the world depression than the present British Cabinet. Although its members represent several different political parties, all of them not only know that a crisis of unparalleled magnitude has gripped the entire world, but are acting on that knowledge. It is not that Baldwin, MacDonald, and Neville Chamberlain are inherently wiser men than Hoover, Mills, Laval, and Tardieu but that the system on which their country stands or falls is more tied up than any other with the international exchange of goods, services, and credit. Rumors of a split in the British Cabinet should not, therefore, be taken too seriously, for it is probable that the immense parliamentary majority that favors protective tariffs will continue to have its way. When MacDonald took charge of the National Government after the general election he believed that he could dissolve Parliament and call for a new election if the Tories revolted

against his leadership, but it is by no means certain that he can make such a move. The chances are that the King would invite Stanley Baldwin or Neville Chamberlain to form a ministry that would proceed to carry out a thoroughly Conservative policy, supported by a huge majority in the House of Commons. But this will not happen until the Tories believe that a Cabinet upset would not damage public confidence in Great Britain at home or abroad.

H. N. BRAILSFORD'S review in our 'Books Abroad' department of Clifford Allen's pamphlet entitled *Labour's Future at Stake* attacks the first thorough justification yet written of Mr. MacDonald's conduct during the domestic crisis of last summer and fall. The MacDonald thesis as set forth by Mr. Allen is that when the present Government loses its national character there will be a regrouping of parties with the Prime Minister leading a progressive coalition of Laborites, Liberals, and left-wing Conservatives. A Labor ex-minister, on the other hand, has summed up his party's attitude in the statement that, although the departure of MacDonald and Snowden did not break the Labor Party, their return would. Even the *Manchester Guardian*, a purely Liberal organ, does not indorse the MacDonald thesis:—

At present it would be rash to assert that the experiment of a coalition has fulfilled the expectations of its supporters. The Government has shown some capacity for compromise, but hardly the grip and initiative that were to be such a refreshing contrast to the feebleness of the Labor Government. And, however fascinating the planning and plotting of new parties may be, it is at least unsure how long Mr. MacDonald will remain the pivotal figure. Too much of the speculation appears to rest on the assumption—which constitutional custom hardly supports—that when the break does come his advice in favor of a dissolution must prevail.

But the *Guardian* does not believe that the Labor Government acted any more wisely than its turncoat leader. The Laborites never attacked the gold standard until the nation had abandoned gold anyway, and they attacked MacDonald's first National Government for carrying through the same policies that they had recommended only a few days before. Mr. MacDonald, for his part, might have taken a more progressive line in the October campaign and thus avoided the present coalition, which is held together only by an emergency and which is falling more and more under purely Conservative influences.

NOT only are party lines being wiped out in England, but the whole procedure of government is changing. Sir John Marriott, author of many weighty volumes on history and government, has contributed a thoughtful article to the *Daily Telegraph* pointing out that collective cabinet responsibility has now become a thing of the past. The decision of the Cabinet to levy tariffs although some of its members opposed them has no precedent

in British history except during the War, when Lloyd George's coalition was in power. Lord Morley of Blackburn gave the most authoritative interpretation of cabinet responsibility when he said: 'The Cabinet is a unit—a unit as regards the Sovereign, and a unit as regards the Legislature.' And Sir John Marriott adds: 'This established principle is now to be thrown on to the scrap heap.' What England seems to be drifting into at the moment is departmentalism, not cabinet responsibility, and 'departmentalism is an attribute not of parliamentary but of presidential democracy.' In other words, Sir John sees England going the way of the United States.

In the circumstances of the United States, executive authority is vested solely in the president. Ministers are not his colleagues, but his servants. We were moving very fast toward presidential government in the War, but not consciously. After the War, however, we went back to regular cabinet government, and set up anew the whole apparatus of parliamentary democracy.

Are we now moving again in the direction of presidential democracy? Are we going to replace cabinet responsibility by departmentalism? If so, let us at any rate do it with our eyes open.

I confess that, for my own part, I view the suggested development with the gravest concern and apprehension. I should be the last person to question the importance of maintaining national unity in presence of the grave problems now confronting this country and the world. It seems pertinent to ask a plain question—whether, in order to maintain national unity, it is essential to retain in the Cabinet all its existing members?

Reduced to essentials, this is a strictly Conservative appeal for a strictly Conservative Government.

BUDGET prospects in England are a great deal more promising than they are in the United States, for there seems to be no danger whatever of a deficit. Customs receipts have exceeded expectations and during January the income-tax payments, which yield the bulk of the revenue, poured in far more rapidly than had been anticipated. Another favorable item is that the rise in unemployment was temporarily checked by the new tariffs, so that less money has had to go into the dole. As the *Statist* points out, 'The main bulwark against inflation is a balanced budget,' and we are witnessing the strange spectacle of England abandoning the gold standard without fear of inflation while the United States, with a colossal deficit in the offing, sticks to gold and simultaneously inflates its currency through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It is also significant that not one bank failure occurred in England during 1931 while over two thousand institutions in the United States were closing their doors.

PRELIMINARY estimates of the foreign trade of France, Germany, England, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States show that all these nations lost more ground during 1931 than they did during 1930. The value

of their transactions, which comprise more than half of the total exterior trade of the world, has declined 40 per cent since 1929, partly as a result of the fall in prices, partly because fewer goods were exchanged. Although Germany's favorable trade balance rose from 935,000,000 marks in 1930 to 2,484,000,000 in 1931, its net imports and exports both declined. Europe itself is by far the largest market for French, German, and Italian goods; Britain and the United States export chiefly to nations that produce raw materials, and for that reason they have suffered heavier losses than the European states. British exports did not decline so much as American, and America's favorable trade balance also dwindled. French trade has fallen off progressively, the unfavorable balance having gone from 8,082,000,000 francs in 1929 to 9,515,000,000 in 1930 to 11,778,000,000 in 1931. The Economic Committee of the League of Nations says: 'From a general standpoint we are forced to the conclusion that the general result of national measures to cope with the effect of the crisis is inevitably to prolong and seriously to aggravate the latter.' The most disquieting fact of all is that the downward trend has steadily accelerated in recent months.

AS LONG ago as last summer there were signs that the world depression had invaded France, and now statistics prove it. As we point out in the previous paragraph, French foreign trade has fallen more rapidly, if anything, than the trade of other countries and domestic conditions are just about as bad. The gross railway receipts for 1931 fell below those for 1930 by 1,420,000,000 francs, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per kilometre. As the year drew to a close, the process of decline accelerated, the rate for the last week being $14\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, for the next to last week $13\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, and for the week before that $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Exports, which are down 30 per cent in value, have fallen 17 per cent in volume, and again December was the worst month of the year, imports being 38 per cent less than the previous year in value and exports 37 per cent less. *Le Temps* admits that the business paralysis is spreading and *L'Information*, an economic weekly, urges that wages and production costs be reduced. 'France,' it says, 'which was the last to succumb to the crisis, must not remain its victim when the other nations have shaken off its yoke.'

THE NOTION that a declining birth-rate and a rising death-rate are reducing the population of France is exploded by the census returns for 1931, which show that the country's inhabitants increased from 40,743,000 in 1926 to 41,834,000 last year. Nor is this growth chiefly due to immigration. The number of native inhabitants has increased by 696,000 and of foreign by 395,000. The industrial and urban centres have grown and the farming and mountainous districts have lost inhabitants, partly as a result of a population shift. In a general way it can be stated that the population of France has just about attained stability, the birth-rate having remained

constant at 18 per thousand inhabitants during a period in which the English and Swedish birth-rates have fallen below that figure and the German has rapidly approached it. The French death-rate is comparatively high, but this is due to the fact that other nations, by reason of their high pre-war birth-rates, have a larger proportion of younger inhabitants. Ultimately the rest of Europe seems destined to arrive at the same position France occupies to-day, and the fear of France's being overrun by a Germany twice its size can no longer be seriously entertained.

EVEN the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which advocates Franco-German coöperation year in and year out, admits that the outlook for good understanding between the two countries will remain dark until the April elections in France are over. Nor does the atmosphere in which the voting will be held give much ground for optimism. Herriot, leader of the Radical Socialists, has taken as unbending an attitude as Laval on the questions of reparations and disarmament, so that, even if the parties of the left do control the Chamber, they will not be committed to a policy of conciliation. Herriot is renowned for being even more greedy for office than most French politicians and his conversion to nationalism indicates that he, at least, does not feel that internationalism will win many votes at the moment. Election posters now portray a second invasion of Germans, decorated with Hitler's swastika cross, and Chancellor Brüning is accused of having broken his word to France and capitulated to the National Socialists. German business men visiting Paris report that they have met with a cold reception and they are going home very much disillusioned. It is impossible to believe that a real war psychology has spread widely on either side of the Rhine, but the despair of Germany as reflected in the Hitler movement has not promoted a spirit of trustfulness in France.

THE French press never stops asserting not only that Germany is living extravagantly, but that it is pouring money into military preparations and is pampering its former imperial masters with huge subsidies. Writing in *Le Matin*, Senator Frédéric Eccard of Alsace points out that the Reichswehr budget has steadily increased from year to year, and he accuses Germany of spending twelve times as much on machine guns and ten times as much on heavy artillery as the Versailles Treaty allows. He has charged that the equivalent of ten billion French francs are going into German military expenditures this year, which is twice as much money as the budget actually reveals. The Minister of the Reichswehr has replied that 'the statements of M. Eccard on Germany's military expenditures are so ridiculous that it is n't worth taking the trouble to contradict them.' But M. Eccard triumphantly quotes the neutral *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* as saying: 'The denials of the Minister of the Reichswehr, who has raised the technique of denial to a rare degree, are actually confirmations.'

Le Matin has also pointed out that in 1930 the equivalent of 66,000,000 francs were handed over by the state of Prussia to hereditary princes and that the state of Hesse gave its princes the equivalent of 33,000,000 francs in the same period. Several princes receive over one hundred thousand marks apiece a year from the state and half a dozen more receive between twenty and eighty thousand.

GERMANY'S outlook for 1932 is not a happy one according to the annual report on 'Economic Conditions in Germany' compiled by the commercial counselor and the commercial secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin. Most of the report describes the events of the past year, but only in order to forecast the future. A year ago the same publication prophesied the events of 1931 with remarkable accuracy, and now it analyzes the outlook for 1932 as follows:—

The accentuation of the crisis in Germany during July and August produced surprisingly little effect at first, but there can be no doubt that as time goes on its repercussions will become more and more evident. A high bank rate, heavy taxation, public and private retrenchment, caution and uncertainty on the part of foreign lenders, the need of settling and converting existing indebtedness will all tend to restrict credit. Earning capacity will be reduced and the maintenance of existing standards of production will become impossible. The banks are calling in the loans they have made to industry and are generally lowering their commitments. It follows that reorganization of capital, cutting of salaries and wages, adaptation to a smaller scale of output, and all the painful readjustments that accompany deflation will become necessary; there will be failures and a great rise in unemployment.

To date, the brightest feature of the German economic situation has been the favorable trade balance, but the British tariff has begun raising havoc in that quarter, because England is Germany's best customer. During the summer months Germany was exporting even more goods than the United States, and by October it had come to within \$7,000,000 of the American total up to that time. November, however, showed a 16 per cent decline from October, and December a 6 per cent decline from November, so that at the end of the year America was \$139,000,000 ahead. The decline in German exports to the Scandinavian countries, which followed England off the gold standard, has been especially marked.

BECAUSE Germany has not yet developed the two prerequisites for revolution, the Republic has stood firm. A revolutionary state of mind does exist, but the present form of government is still able to function, and until it collapses from its own interior weaknesses the Fascists and Communists must bide their time. We reported last month that Hitler's personal appeal had declined at the turn of the year, and since that time all the forces that support the Republic have taken advantage of his temporary weakening to fortify themselves into an organization known as the 'Iron Front' composed of trade unions, the *Reichsbanner*, many other

Republican organizations, and a multitude of athletic clubs. Many members of the middle class seem to be rallying in this direction. The first manifesto of the organization reads as follows:—

The 'Iron Front' is not a party. It exists to defend the menaced liberties of the German people. . . . The confusions of our epoch have produced an idol called Hitlerism, an idol of violent deeds. Charlatans are demanding unlimited dominion over life and death, over the labor and property of all the Germans. National Socialism, so-called, has not produced a single creative idea, but only sanguinary fantasies. Great things are at stake. All German men and women who love freedom must do great things during the next few weeks.

We refer our readers to the interview with Rudolf Breitscheid, Reichstag leader of the Social Democratic Party, that appears in our 'Persons and Personages' department. It presents an eloquent and convincing statement of the Republican case and serves as a corrective for the extremist views we present elsewhere. The question now is not whether Hitler will gain more supporters but whether the Republic can hold its ground.

CONDITIONS in Andalusia give a good idea of what is happening now throughout Spain. In Seville, for instance, 58,000 workers belong to three different labor unions. The National Labor Federation, with 35,000 members, is predominantly anarcho-syndicalist; various Communist organizations have attracted over 19,000 followers; and the rest belong to a Socialist group that is opposed to direct action. Intense rivalry exists between the three bodies, and although the Socialists are stronger in Castile and the anarcho-syndicalists comparatively weaker, the Spanish workers are divided by a three-cornered factional dispute that prevents them from acting together against the present middle-class Republic. The position of the agricultural laborer is no more fortunate. In the province of Seville 187,000 people make their living from the soil, and many of them have fallen prey to Communist propaganda. The result is that whereas 47,000 peasant proprietors were cultivating their own estates a year ago, only 10,000 of them are still on the job. The rest, terrified by threats of mass expropriation, have sublet and subdivided their holdings, a process that tends to make unemployment increase because the new operators cannot afford to employ as much labor as the owners did. Harvesting expenses have doubled at a time when the prices of most food-stuffs have been cut in half. The only hope is that Parliament will pass new agrarian legislation early this spring and end the present uncertainty.

MR. HOOVER and Mr. Stalin have this in common—they both believe that their respective countries can ride out the depression regardless of what happens abroad. Of Mr. Hoover it is kinder not to speak, but Mr. Stalin, having been subjected to even more abuse in the world press, can

perhaps stand criticism a little better. In any event, Russia is having just as hard a time as any other nation—though for different reasons. Not being averse to self-analysis, the Soviet press makes public many of the shortcomings of the Five-Year Plan, the chief trouble at the present time being a shortage of superior machinery of the sort that can only be procured abroad. Owing to the universal depression, Russian goods not only sell for lower prices on the world market, but find fewer buyers than they once did, and in consequence Russia can make fewer purchases abroad. Plenty of foreign experts are clamoring at the gates of Moscow, eager for employment, but there is no equipment for them. Nor is this all. The four basic industries—coal, mining, railways, and machinery factories—are not properly coördinated, largely because they have to use imperfect material. The tractor factories, for instance, have made ambitious beginnings, but the largest in the country, which was supposed to turn out forty-three reaping machines during the first ten days of January, did not finish one, and the nine on which work had been started could not be completed for lack of equipment. Other factories complain that they are insufficiently supplied with metal, wood, and semifinished goods, and even the finished products are far from perfect. All this information—and there is much more of a similar nature—has appeared in the Russian press, which makes no secret of the fact that the Five-Year Plan has been retarded but by no means checked by the slump in Soviet imports.

JUST as England fought China in 1842 in order to force that country to purchase opium, so the Japanese of to-day are heavily interested in the Asiatic drug traffic. Some months ago, Garfield Huang, general secretary of the National Anti-Opium Association of China, revealed that Captain Nakamura of the Japanese Army, whose assassination was one of the excuses for the Manchurian invasion, was carrying heroin at the time he was killed, and now the same authority diagnoses the whole Japanese attack on China as a new opium war. Writing in the *China Weekly Review*, he says:—

To turn to the narcotic situation in Manchuria and China proper, no less than seventy-five per cent of the Japanese nationals residing in South Manchuria are directly or indirectly connected with the drug traffic, according to the estimate of the secretary of the Association for the Prevention of Opium Evils of Japan. According to statistics issued by the Shanghai customs authorities, for the past three years, beginning January 30, 1929, and ending April 6, 1931, a total of 80,132 ounces of opium were discovered in forty-one Japanese steamers passing Shanghai, and these huge shipments were believed to have Dairen as a final destination. Immediately after the Japanese occupation of Manchuria the first thing the Japanese did was to establish an opium monopoly in the territories under their military control, a repetition of the process of conquest that was applied to the island of Formosa and actually bore fruit. Now in Mukden, Changchun, Tsinan, Tientsin, Amoy, Foochow, and so on, numerous 'dope' huts are operated under Japanese consular protection in open defiance of Chinese suppression acts. In the Japanese concession in Mukden, these huts number some two hundred, the owners of which pay regular

cumshaws to the Japanese police in return for protection. Some one hundred morphine shops are also found to be in existence, and these are situated either in the neighborhood of Japanese dispensaries or in the rear of Japanese residences. In a single shop about forty to fifty persons come to receive injections per day, the number of morphine addicts in the Japanese concession alone being found to be in the vicinity of five hundred.

From 1928 on, the National Anti-Opium Association of China has published a *China Opium Yearbook* of which Mr. Huang says:—

A glance over these yearbooks will convince one of the amazing extent of Japanese narcotic penetration into China. Judging from the disclosures made in connection with the Nakamura case and the international drug ring, we are safe in saying that the Japanese are active agents for the spread of narcotic drugs throughout the world in complete disregard of international covenants and humanitarian considerations, and therefore are the common enemies of civilized nations, whose duty it is to foster the progress and welfare of the human race.

ALTHOUGH little has been said about it in the press of any country, one of the chief reasons for Japan's invasion of China is to be found in Japan itself. The nation's abandonment of the gold standard is the only sign it has given to the outer world of the instability that exists within its boundaries. But here are a few pertinent facts. There are about five million industrial workers in Japan, of whom two million are now unemployed. There are twenty-seven million agricultural workers, nearly seventy per cent of whom toil on land that they do not own. They use the most primitive methods and must pay as tenancy rent fifty to sixty per cent of their produce. This year the production cost of their chief product, rice, exceeded its price by 37 per cent. Even in normal years peasants count on their children who have gone to work in the cities—half of the factory workers in Japan are women textile workers, most of whom are under 23 years of age—to contribute to their support, and now they have lost this source of revenue at a time when they need it most. The result has been starvation in the villages and spontaneous rioting. The number of disputes between peasants and landlords reached a record figure during the first half of 1931. Students are becoming more and more radical, and 42 per cent of all university graduates now face permanent unemployment. All of which goes far to explain why a highly effective Chinese boycott has forced Japan to run wild.

FROM the moment that Japanese troops began penetrating Manchuria last September, England has been of two minds in regard to her Far Eastern policy. At first, Conservative counsels prevailed and the Conservative press openly lamented, as it always has done, the abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and urged that Japan should replace the United States as England's partner. Most Liberals and Laborites, however, and a few Imperialists with exaggerated ideas of the value of Aus-

tralian, Canadian, and New Zealand good will distrust the Japanese. Therefore, when Japanese troops reached the Great Wall and Stimson tried to invoke the Nine-Power Pact, the Conservatives rejoiced because the British Foreign Office did not back him up. Here is the way the *Saturday Review*, which reflects the opinion of the vast majority of members in the House of Commons, felt about that episode:—

Sir John Simon is to be warmly congratulated upon his refusal to associate this country with the American Note to Japan. His attitude through the whole Manchurian crisis has been marked by a common sense, and a regard for the true interests of Great Britain, that have not been displayed by any of his predecessors since the time of Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Japan, not the United States, represents stability in the Far East, and it is naturally to British interests to support the stable factor.

Whatever may have been the pros and cons of the rupture of the old Anglo-Japanese alliance, I hope that in the future Great Britain and Japan are going to work more harmoniously together than has been the case since the War. Japan was deliberately sacrificed by the Foreign Office on the altar of Anglo-American friendship, but the policy of playing second fiddle to the United States has not done this country much good anywhere. In spite, or perhaps because of the fact that he had no previous official knowledge of foreign affairs, Sir John Simon has started well, and every patriot will wish him success.

The *Spectator*, which is edited by the head of the English-Speaking Union in Great Britain, took precisely the opposite point of view:—

There is every reason at this moment why this country should coöperate with the United States wherever possible. There is every reason why all legitimate steps should be taken to impress on Japan the concern her continued advance in Manchuria is causing throughout Europe and in this country in particular. That being so, it is extremely unfortunate that the Foreign Secretary should have decided against associating Great Britain with the grave warning addressed by the American Government to Japan as a signatory of the Kellogg Pact, and communicated to the signatories of the Nine-Power Agreement of 1922 in the hope that they would take similar action. The Cabinet has not so furthered effective action by the League of Nations Council in the matter of Manchuria that it can afford to sit back and contemplate the result of its efforts with satisfaction. The American Note, declaring that the United States will not recognize any situation brought about by means contrary to the Kellogg Pact, says in plain language something that badly needed saying. Why Sir John Simon could not range himself with Mr. Stimson is incomprehensible.

But during the Shanghai bombardment, the pro-American school prevailed momentarily over the pro-Japanese. It remains to be seen whether Anglo-American coöperation will continue. Certainly it would not survive a change of government in favor of the Conservatives.

The former editor of the *London Times* gives an informal account of recent Oriental history, showing the events that led up to the present catastrophe.

The Unpeaceful PACIFIC

By WICKHAM STEED

From the *Sunday Times*
British Conservative Sunday Paper

AMERICA has told Japan and China to mind what they are about. She has told them both, though she thinks Japan needs to heed this advice more than China. She has told us, and six other countries besides, that she has just had a word with Japan and China; and she has let us know that she would not be sorry if we and the six others had a word with them too. We and the others are thinking about it.

Why this has happened is a very long story, too long to be told right from the beginning. So I shall start in the middle and go on as far as I can. Then the end—when it comes—will be easier to understand.

First, we must do a little geography. Japan is a long island, or, rather, a chain of islands, in the North Pacific Ocean near the shores of Siberia, Korea, Manchuria, and China. These islands are crowded with brave people, most of them poor. To the southwest, across the water, is China, a huge country also crammed with people hardy and poor, and partly surrounded on the land side

by a Great Wall. On the north of China there is a region called Manchuria, where the Chinese emperors once came from. Manchuria, which is three times as big as Great Britain and Ireland, with a shore on the Yellow Sea, is called a Chinese 'dependency,' that is to say, it is not exactly Chinese though China rules over it when she can.

On the north of Manchuria is the eastern part of Siberia, which is Russian; and to the southeast is Korea, a large peninsula that used to be an empire by itself. Between Korea and Japan a strait leads out of the Yellow Sea and the East China Sea into the Sea of Japan.

Nearly forty years ago Russia, wishing to get a footing on the shore of the Yellow Sea, where the water is warmer than it is on the shores of Siberia, and does not usually freeze, began to show her fist to China, so as to make the Chinese Government hand over some places on the Manchurian coast that Russia wanted. In March 1898 China

handed them over; but in 1900, when the Chinese tried to turn foreigners out of their country, the Russians hit back by taking the whole of Manchuria.

I forgot to say that, in 1895, Japan had quarreled with China, and, after beating her badly, had taken from the Chinese some of the very places on the Manchurian shore of the Yellow Sea that Russia made China hand over in 1898. But in 1895 Russia, Germany, and France had threatened to make things hot for Japan if she did not give up those places. Not being strong enough to say 'No,' Japan gave them up—and was not at all pleased when Russia took them three years later, and presently bagged the whole of Manchuria as well.

Between Manchuria (which was in Russian hands) and Japan lay Korea. Fearing that Russia might bag Korea also, and thus come much too close to them for comfort, the Japanese asked Russia to clear out of Manchuria. They found her hard of hearing. So Japan tried to make her hear. In 1902 the Japanese made friends with England, who was then not at all friendly to Russia or to France, who was Russia's friend. With England behind them, the Japanese told Russia, in February 1904, that unless she cleared out of Manchuria she would have to fight Japan.

The Russians refused, and a fierce war began. The Japanese conquered all the places Russia had taken in Manchuria, beat her soundly, and, in the summer of 1905, forced her to leave Manchuria. Japan got the right to build a railway through South Manchuria and to make herself at home on as much land as she might want to guard the railway. The right to rule over the rest of Manchuria was given back to China. But in 1910 Japan bagged Korea and turned the Korean Emperor off his throne. The Koreans were displeased. Only a few weeks ago

one of them threw a bomb at the young Japanese Emperor outside the Palace at Tokyo, luckily without hurting him.

In South Manchuria Japan built her railway, took the land round it, and spent a lot of money there. The Chinese did little or nothing, except that, later on, millions of them came up from China into Manchuria, grew grain, traded, and helped to make the region rich. The people from Japan did not like to settle there. They thought the climate too hot and too cold for them.

So things went on until the Great War broke out in 1914. Japan then sided with England, took from the Germans some places on the Yellow Sea that Germany had made China give her in 1898, and helped the British navy. When Japan took these places from the Germans she said she would give them back to China, though she was not very eager to do so. In fact she began to bully China. In January 1915 she asked the Chinese to make twenty-one written promises to her which, if kept, would have let Japan do whatever she liked in China. The Chinese made some of the promises, but not the others.

Now, by this time, America was getting uneasy. We usually think of the United States of America as a country that looks toward Europe and has New York as its front door. The truth is that the United States, like Canada (which is a British Dominion), looks two ways, eastward toward Europe and westward across the Pacific to China and Japan. One day San Francisco, which is now the back door of the United States, may be its front door; and Vancouver, in British Columbia, which is the back door of Canada, may be the Canadian front door.

So the United States and Canada pay heed to what goes on in China and Japan—all the more because lots of Japanese and Chinese have settled from time to time in the Western States

of Canada and America, and have not always been pleasant people.

AT the end of the Great War in 1918 there was some trouble in getting Japan and America to agree about things in China and Manchuria. Australia, which is another British Dominion, took sides with America; and Canada and New Zealand thought that Australia was not quite wrong. Still, England was the chum of Japan and had agreed in 1911 to go on being her chum, though not if Japan should quarrel with America.

This was rather a nasty lookout, all the nastier because America had said she would not belong to a League of Nations that she had helped to form after the Great War as a means of settling quarrels in future without fighting. Japan, England, and all the British Dominions belonged to this League; and China, who had turned out her Emperor and become a republic, presently joined it too. If any country belonging to the League should get into a quarrel with America, the other countries in the League would be more or less bound to stand by it, even against America. England did not like this outlook at all, and said to herself that she would never have gone into the League if she had known that America would not be in it.

Meanwhile America and Japan grew less and less friendly. War was talked of. The American Government asked all the other countries that cared about things in the Pacific Ocean to hold a meeting at Washington so as to see what could be done. This was in 1921. Before England went to the meeting she found out that, if there should be war between America and Japan, Canada would side with America, and that Australia and New Zealand might do the same. So, at Washington, the old chumminess between England and Japan was changed into a promise that

England, America, France, and Japan would all be chums, and talk over together anything important that might happen in the Pacific. This was called a 'Four-Power Agreement.'

America then went a step further. Nine countries, not only four, felt they had something to say about things in the Pacific. They were America, England, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Japan, and China. So, early in 1922, these nine were got to promise not to do any harm to China, to keep the door open for trade with her, and to talk things over together if anything awkward should happen. This was called the 'Nine-Power Treaty.'

For a year or two things went better—except in China, who seemed likely to go to pieces. Instead of pulling together, a lot of Chinese generals began to fight each other, and some of the Chinese themselves thought once again of turning foreigners out of their country. England had to send soldiers to Shanghai to teach these Chinese a lesson. Japan began to stretch her limbs in Manchuria. Nobody really knew who was top dog in China or which was the real Government of the two or three that had set themselves up. Nobody quite knows even to-day.

Last September a funny thing happened. The affairs of England were in a mess called 'The National Crisis.' We had to 'go off the gold standard'—which is another long story. Anyhow, it looked as though we should not have much time or strength to bother about the affairs of other people. America also was in a mess. She was hard up. Ten million of her people were out of work. All at once Japan said that Manchuria, which was thought to be fairly quiet and well off, had got into such a bad way that, in order to put things right, she must start out from the land round her railway and take the whole place into her hands. The Chinese disliked this and began to fight. They

were beaten and driven out. Little by little Japan went on until she had grabbed everything, though she kept saying that she did not really mean to grab anything at all. Now she has got as far as the Great Wall of China and a little beyond.

At the time when this began, the League of Nations was holding its yearly meeting at Geneva. Its board of directors, to which China and Japan belong, happened to be sitting. So China asked the board to take up the matter and to help her. America sent a man to attend the board meetings, because what Japan was doing looked uncommonly like war for the sake of grabbing something from somebody else, which Japan had promised not to do at the time the Paris Peace Pact was signed. Japan said she was not making war, but only getting rid of thieves and bandits. So the League board of directors wanted to send people to see if this were true. Japan hummed and hawed. She would not even agree, when the

board held another sitting in October, that the man from America should join it. He joined it all the same. At last, in December, the League board did decide to send some people to find out what was really going on in Manchuria. Then Japan went ahead and drove the Chinese right out.

So, last month, America told Japan and China to mind what they were about. America said that she will take no notice whatever of any new promises that the Japanese may force the Chinese to make, and that she wants the door kept wide open for trade. Somebody has prophesied that Japan will agree to keep the door open, but will fill the doorway with so many Japanese that nobody else can pass through.

This is the end of the story, so far. One thing to remember is that, whether or not England tries to 'keep out of it,' Canada and perhaps Australia and New Zealand may not be able to keep out of it. If so, where would England be?

Two anti-French outbursts from the British weekly press are followed by a semiofficial French editorial setting forth a point of view that receives but little sympathy abroad nowadays.

The CASE *against* France

TWO AGAINST
ONE

I. WHO CALLS THE FRENCH TUNE?

By HARRISON BROWN

From the *Week-end Review*, London Independent Weekly

DURING the recent meeting of the League Council in Paris certain French weeklies denounced the uniformly pro-Japanese attitude of the *grande presse*, and asked if they must remind the public of the 'Russian disclosures as to the abominable venality of the press.' The reference was to the publication by the Communist *Humanité* in 1923 of correspondence relating to the corruption of the French press which had been found by the Bolsheviks in the archives of Saint Petersburg. These documents, the authenticity of which is no longer seriously disputed, caused a sensation both in France and abroad. Most of the better known figures of the French political world, from M. Poincaré to the present President of the Republic, and all the newspapers were implicated.

The letters were mostly from, or to, the private financial adviser to the Russian Embassy in Paris, and covered the period from 1897 to 1917. During the

first fifteen years the accounts of interviews and lists of sums allotted to the various papers related chiefly to the boosting of Russian loans, in which the small French *rentier* was especially interested, and to coloring the news during the Russo-Japanese War. With the arrival of Isvolski at the Russian Embassy, however, the watering of the press began to cost the Russian Government much more; and at the instigation of M. Poincaré and M. Klotz, the French minister of finance, the Russian funds became practically a supplement to the French *fonds secrets*, and were expended in the interests of the policy that supported the secret treaty between the two nations.

We are apt to look upon those days as somewhat crude. But in view of the vastly increased expenditure on armaments, which keeps their manufacturers relatively comfortable in the midst of the crisis, it may be as well to ask if

things have greatly changed in fact as well as in appearance. Every power still has its secret funds, for the expenditure of which no account is rendered to the people. In some countries this is used chiefly for the spy service. This, no doubt, is the destination of most of the £200,000 at the annual disposal of the British foreign secretary.

In France and elsewhere the favored sections of the press are still subventioned direct by the government of the day. But the cost of running a paper is heavy, and the subsidies are not enormous; with three exceptions the French newspapers have small circulations and earn only modest revenues from advertising. In view of past disclosures and current rumors it is not unjust to suppose that industry fills the holes in return for a little judicious 'influencing of public opinion.'

The most powerful industrial union in France is the Comité des Forges, founded by the late Robert Pinot and now presided over by M. François de Wendel, a deputy and a director of the Bank of France who belongs to the Lorraine family, which before the War had relatives seated both in the Reichstag and in the Chamber of Deputies. The Comité des Forges comprises all the companies exploiting iron mines, blast furnaces, and iron and steel plants of all descriptions. Before the War it concentrated upon the internal French market, protected by a tariff. During the War it attained considerable political influence, particularly after the accession of Clemenceau in 1917, with Loucheur as minister of reconstruction. This cabinet became famous for the fact that it was largely composed of representatives of purveyors to the state.

At this period the propaganda of the Comité was employed in persuading the French public of the necessity of obtaining for France the Saar basin, with its coal mines and coke furnaces so conveniently near the Lorraine steel

works, and for this reason its spokesmen were vehement in supporting Clemenceau against all moves for a negotiated peace. The War must and did continue. So sure were the French ironmasters that the Saar would be theirs that the French army and aviators were forbidden to shell or bomb the Briey basin. The affair provoked the first big 'peace scandal' in France, in which it was revealed that the officer at G. H. Q. who received the notes from the front urging the importance of attacking the basin as a means of hastening the end of the War also gave orders to the section air squadrons, and that this same officer was himself a *maître de forge*! After the Armistice the Comité des Forges was instrumental in getting Millerand appointed high commissioner in Alsace, where, according to M. Georges Michon, he obtained for them, for the sum of 500,000,000 paper francs, German mines in Lorraine that had cost a billion and a half gold marks to construct.

But it was at the Peace Conference that the Comité des Forges really found its feet. Millerand was Prime Minister, closely associated with Robert Pinot; François-Marsal, president of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, which was connected with the Comité des Forges, was finance minister. Meanwhile Clemenceau at the Conference demanded the whole of the left bank of the Rhine 'in order to withdraw her offensive weapons from Germany,' and the scandalous episodes of the separatist régime began, which Gedye has so well described in *The Revolver Republic*. The opposition of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George was too strong, however, and France had to be content with a fifteen-year occupation concession. Through Clemenceau and Tardieu the Comité des Forges then fell back upon the Saar. The memoranda that were supplied by M. Tardieu bore traces of their origin, while Clemenceau

supported them with moral and sentimental arguments.

But the Comité did pretty well nevertheless, and after Versailles its activities spread to Silesia, Galicia, and Czechoslovakia. Its interests also coincided admirably with those which refused to allow Germany herself to restore the devastated areas, but preferred to keep the figure payable for reparations as vague as possible. Some French commentators profess to see the hand of the Comité des Forges in the fall of M. Briand during the Cannes Conference in 1922; most agree that that organization was largely responsible for the invasion of the Ruhr, which dislocated the rival heavy industry of the Rhineland and temporarily wrecked its export trade.

RECENT years have seen the propagation, ever more openly undertaken by such periodicals as the *Journée Industrielle*, of the doctrine of economic feudalism. At first the more barefaced attempts to interfere with institutions and labor unions called forth protests from the general press, but such protests have become less and less frequent as one paper after another has come under the influence of the trusts. At Geneva in 1929 M. Briand reminded a delegation of the Women's International League that 'the pens that write against disarmament are made of the same steel as that from which guns are made.' The remark sufficed to call forth fierce attacks from the Paris press, the *Echo de Paris* particularly distinguishing itself.

Some two years ago the president of the Comité des Forges obtained a controlling interest in the famous Nationalist paper, the *Journal des Débats*. More recently the controlling number of shares in the *Temps* was bought by the same M. de Wendel and M. de Peyerimhoff, president of the Comité

Central des Houillères. This has resulted in changes on the editorial staff, M. de Peyerimhoff appointing M. Chastenet, and M. de Wendel M. Mireaux, as editors. The latter was formerly director of the Société d'Études et d'Informations Économiques and succeeded in that post M. André François-Poncet, the present French ambassador in Berlin. The Société d'Études was founded in 1920 by Robert Pinot and other industrial magnates with a view to 'educating' opinion. It is impregnated with the feudal spirit and is a warm supporter of Fascist régimes. Thus, although it may not be true to say that the Comité des Forges owns these important papers, it is obvious that its interests now entirely control them, a view which is amply borne out by their policies.

As the date of the Disarmament Conference drew near it was interesting to note the drilled uniformity with which the thesis of the French 'apology for armaments' was sustained throughout the Paris press, the Socialist *Populaire* and Communist *Humanité* almost alone excepted. Particularly noteworthy was the attitude of the Radical papers, the *Ere Nouvelle* and *Quotidien* ranking with the Nationalists, while the *République* comically tried to walk the tight rope between the rabid statements of M. Herriot, the leader of the party, and those of MM. Édouard Daladier and Pierre Cot.

M. Herriot has made himself talked about during the past year by managing to combine chauvinism with hypocrisy to a degree rarely surpassed. In Vienna or Berlin he can coo on an international note; a week or two later, at Lyon or Vitry-le-François, we find him frothing in paroxysms of ultranationalism so fantastic that even the Nationalist *Intransigeant* on one recent occasion ridiculed him 'for insulting Goethe apropos of the Hoover Plan'!

But, however nonsensical, M. Her-

riot's words addressed to a rural French audience or appearing in the pages of such a paper as the *Ère Nouvelle* are not conducive to either internal or external political peace. They are good for the armament business, however, and the *Temps* has warmly approved the new convert as a 'well-informed naval critic'! There is no cause for surprise in Herriot's evolution to anyone who has followed his career, nor can anyone who has attended congresses of the Radical Party have helped remarking his vanity and thirst for office and applause. But the coincidence of his views, and those of other members of his Party, with the doctrine of the controlled press is too striking to be passed over in silence at such a time as the present.

It would be naïve to suppose that the

Comité des Forges alone is working against the success of the Disarmament Conference. No industry is more internationalized than that of the armament manufacturers. Patents were held mutually by firms on both sides, for the use of which there was much accounting, after and even during the War. To-day the various branches are so interlocked that they may almost be said to consist of two or three great trusts, of which one is in the U. S. A. The forms of and opportunities for corruption continue to vary in different countries, but we may rest assured that the only industry that necessitates the direct selling across the counter of the loyalties, patriotism, and lives of the peoples will not be content to twiddle its thumbs at Geneva.

II. J'ACCUSE LA FRANCE

By E. H. DAVENPORT

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

HERE is the book providing those who have long been suspicious of the financial policy of France with proof—*Behind the Scenes of International Finance*, by Paul Einzig. Dr. Einzig has collected together all the damning circumstantial evidence on which the wickedness of French diplomacy may be presumed. If I had not known the author as a financial expert and as the money-market editor of a prominent financial paper, I should have been tempted to dismiss the book as hearsay evidence written up into an engaging 'story' by a clever journalist devoid of a sense of realities. But Dr. Einzig must know what he is talking about and should be in the position to obtain the facts. He has marshaled his case as a barrister would do, avoiding technicalities, reciting his points dispassionately and concisely (all within 154 pages), but concluding every argument with a

most ferocious accusation. The effect is deadly. His main contentions are that it is the French reparations policy which has prevented the financial consolidation of Europe since the War; that it was the French gold-hoarding policy which brought about the slump in commodity prices—the major cause of the world trade depression; and that it is the unwillingness of France to coöperate constructively with the other powers which is the principal obstacle to an economic recovery. He writes:—

On the ruins of the wealth, prosperity, and stability of other nations, France has succeeded in establishing her much-desired politico-financial hegemony over Europe. She has attained this end by means of a carefully devised and skillfully executed scheme of financial warfare which has inflicted suffering and misery upon five continents . . . The reparations claims, war debts, loans, credits, gold movements, and foreign-exchange operations have assumed the rôle hitherto played by divisions and battleships.

Dr. Einzig assumes that the aim of French foreign policy is to keep Germany in a condition of economic and financial inferiority. Most of us will be disposed to agree with that view. Up to 1926 the reparations policy was the only weapon at the disposal of France, for, with her currency depreciated and her finances in disorder, she was in a weak tactical position. And reparations were inadequate to keep the Germans down because British and American loans and credits enabled them to meet their liabilities and reconstruct their industries. After the stabilization of the franc the situation entirely changed. Dr. Einzig traces the origin of France's gold hoard to the following sources: (1) repatriation of French capital that took flight abroad during the inflation period; (2) France's profit on foreign holdings of francs; (3) France's excessive share in German reparations payments; (4) repudiation by France of four-fifths of her external liabilities in francs; (5) unduly generous terms on which the French war debt to Great Britain and the United States was funded; (6) artificial export surplus through the stabilization of the franc at an unduly low level; (7) sterilization of the gold hoard, thus preventing the normal reactions that would tend to check the inflow.

The account of the uses that France made of her newly acquired financial power is the most controversial part of Dr. Einzig's book. From the restoration of the gold standard in France in June 1928 to the suspension of the gold standard in Great Britain in 1931, France imported gold from London to the amount of £136,000,000. Dr. Einzig argues that whenever relations between France and Great Britain became strained, the franc moved against sterling and gold flowed from London to Paris. Whenever there was a tendency toward political *rapprochement*, the gold efflux subsided. The first at-

tempt to influence British external policy by means of gold withdrawals, he alleges, was made in 1929 on the occasion of the Hague Conference in August and September. Mr. Snowden's firm stand, Dr. Einzig adds, cost the Bank of England the loss of £20,000,000, its gold stocks falling below £150,000,000. On the occasion of the Second Hague Conference, in January 1930, the gold withdrawals were resumed when negotiations for the mobilization of German reparations annuities caused another clash between British and French financial interests. There were other points of dispute—Dr. Einzig cites, for example, the Yugoslavian stabilization scheme and the place of location and the appointment of directors of the Bank for International Settlements—which served to accentuate the differences between the French and British treasuries, but it was not until the Credit-Anstalt affair in May 1930 and the rapid development of the German financial crisis that French financial policy was seen in all its naked nationalism.

FROM the time of the Austrian collapse onward, diplomacy was dropped; financial war was declared. The price of French help to Austria was given out plainly as renunciation of the proposed customs union with Germany. When the Bank of England stepped in with an unconditional loan of £5,000,000 the French press showed the utmost fury, but their Government had only to wait till September for its complete victory. The French banks having called in their funds from Germany in 1929 and 1930,—under political pressure,—the French Government could watch the development of the financial crisis in Germany with a sense of lively satisfaction. Between July and the middle of September, the big French banks withdrew between £40,000,000

and £50,000,000 from London. 'Admittedly,' says Dr. Einzig, 'there was no trace of withdrawals on the part of the Bank of France and the French authorities. At the same time, nothing was done in Paris in the early stages to check this movement, though it was bound to lead to a collapse of sterling.'

In September the Bank of England was obliged to ask for the repayment of its Austrian loan. Austria was forced to capitulate and to submit to the French conditions of financial aid—the abandonment of the customs union. Finally the pound sterling fell. Dr. Einzig gives an interesting account of how the Bank of France stipulated for the earmarking of gold as security for its support of sterling and how Mr. Montagu Norman fought against such terms and was overruled and went on a voyage for reasons of his health. With the departure of Mr. Montagu Norman the French financial victory was complete. A little later France was able to isolate Italy by bribing her allies—by granting loans (of very moderate amount) to save Hungary and Bulgaria from collapse. The height of French financial power was seen in the extraordinary bargain with the United States. The dollar was attacked, and the result of the Hoover-Laval armistice was that France agreed to leave her deposits in New York provided America left the initiative in the matter of reparations policy to France.

Dr. Einzig does not suppose that France will maintain her political influence by financial means for any length of time. In the next few years her resources will decline rather than increase. An important change has already occurred. Great Britain has withdrawn herself from the influence of French financial power by suspending the gold standard. 'There is an old-fashioned game called ombre,' writes Dr. Einzig,—

in which the player who holds no trumps is in a stronger position than the player who holds

them all. It sometimes happens that the man who holds all the trumps, and triumphantly declares 'grandissimo,' is defeated by an opponent who unassumingly declares 'nullissimo.' It was just in such a way that the cards of international finance were called in September of 1931 . . . On September 20, it was announced that it had become necessary for Great Britain to suspend the gold standard. That was Great Britain's 'nullissimo' in answer to France's 'grandissimo.'

Dr. Einzig writes so fluently that it is necessary to remind the reader that he is drawing his conclusions from circumstantial evidence only. There can be no actual proof that France uses her gold hoard as an instrument of her foreign policy. It is certainly very suspicious that, whenever sterling depreciated and gold was withdrawn from London, the returns always showed an increase in the balances of the French Treasury and the Caisse d'Amortissements with the Bank of France, and that in October gold withdrawals from New York also coincided with such an increase.

It is possible to interpret this in two different ways—either the French authorities contracted the resources of the French money market and therefore forced French banks to withdraw balances from abroad, or the French Treasury and the Caisse d'Amortissements were themselves selling sterling and dollars, the proceeds of their operations being transferred to the Bank of France. No one outside the French Treasury and the Bank of France can say positively what occurred. His conclusion is worth quoting:—

The conception is gaining ground that France has forfeited her rights to reparations by the destructive use she has made of her claims. In fact, it is now widely held that it is France who owes the world reparations for the damages caused by her destructive financial warfare.

It is a pity that this text cannot be framed and hung upon the walls of the room in which the next Reparations Conference is held.

III. AMERICA'S ERROR; GERMANY'S MISTAKE

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semiofficial Daily

THERE was one mistake left, and Chancellor Brüning made it when he replied in the negative to Sir Horace Rumbold, the British ambassador, who was charged by his Government to find whether Germany was disposed to accept the extension of the Hoover Moratorium for a year. While the French Prime Minister was informing himself on the attitude of the United States Government on this question, the British ambassador in Berlin was inquiring about the intentions of the Reich. Washington replied that the European powers must regulate the debts without intervention from the United States. Berlin refused to extend the Hoover Moratorium for a year because that would imply maintaining the principle that reparations should be paid, and Germany intends to become fully and finally freed from all reparations charges. Moreover, a *communiqué* from the British Foreign Office announced that, as the conversations between the interested governments had not been terminated, the Lausanne Conference could not be held. We therefore find ourselves again on the edge of the abyss after weeks of confused discussion.

There is no use concealing the fact that a grave situation has been created from the point of view of the general interests of the civilized world. Both America and Germany have collided against a blank wall of absolute incomprehension of the imperative necessities of the moment. It is unreasonable to hope for the end of the world crisis until confidence returns, and the attitude now adopted in Washington and Berlin, caused by very different motives, is not likely to promote revival. What is the real problem? To save Germany, to enable it to surmount the temporary

difficulties with which it is faced, to prevent it from falling into a collapse that could not be remedied. But the Chancellor of the Reich, maintained by a public opinion that he has allowed to be misled by the most violent Nationalists, prefers failure and bankruptcy to any right and equitable solution such as reason dictates. One would despair of the political sense of statesmen who assume responsibility for governing a great country in distress, if one did not remember that there is a great deal of manœuvring going on and that efforts are being made to modify the logical course of events.

The German thesis, as it emerges from the news reaching us from Berlin, can be summed up as a desire never to pay any more reparations, either now or in the future. In fact, it was a waste of energy to try to explain that Brüning's declarations to the British ambassador were not so violent as they seemed. For the acts of the Reich Government clearly reveal that it wants to have reparations wiped out and never to resume payment.

Thus the Germans are methodically executing the political plan that they drew up in order to achieve the general aims of their policy. First, they anticipated the evacuation of the Rhineland; then came the *Anschluss* with Austria that they had to abandon after their attempt at a customs union had failed. After this came deliberate suppression of reparations, and, finally, repudiation of the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty. This means that Germany will invoke its pretended right to arm freely unless other nations disarm to the point that the Peace Treaty has set as the limit for German armaments. If all these aims are ever accomplished Germany will imagine itself to be in a

position to put through successfully its policy of territorial revision in the East. The whole German nation, blinded by national agitation, is working methodically to achieve this great plan, not caring whether or not it will lead to catastrophe. This, again, is very much in the German manner, but the country is preparing its own funeral.

THE extension of the Hoover Moratorium for the period of a year would free the Reich from making any financial effort to meet its obligations, while at the same time it would give it time to negotiate a general agreement. But this would imply the maintenance of the essential principles of the Young Plan during the future, notably in respect to unconditional annuities, since these principles are maintained intact in the Moratorium. But the Berlin Government would like to suppress the Young Plan. This is the real object of its manœuvres to secure a final settlement after the briefest possible delay.

The arguments justifying the German stand are completely false. It is incorrect, for instance, to consider that the Basel Committee of Experts proved that Germany 'could not pay any more, that any initiative to overcome present difficulties would have to exceed the limits of the Young Plan, and that any loss of time would be dangerous.' This is a curious distortion of the conclusions of the Committee. For the Committee studied only the conditional annuities, and, while it stated that Germany could not pay now, it avoided the crux of the matter by saying that the future prospects of any country cannot be determined during a period of depression. Above all, the Committee asserted that the economic stability of the world depended on an adjustment of all governmental debts. Nothing in all this can justify the German claim that reparations should be eliminated, in-

cluding the unconditional annuities, whose payment the Hoover Moratorium maintained in principle.

The situation should be viewed calmly. It is now obvious that the Lausanne Conference could have served no purpose, but the five months ahead of us before the Hoover Moratorium expires should be used to prepare a practical solution. The first thing to be done, in the face of the attitude of the United States and the insolvency of Germany, is for the European creditors of the Reich, especially France and England, to reach a firm agreement. The projected conversations between MacDonald and Laval ought to be held. Under present circumstances agreement between France and England is an absolute necessity, for the English are as interested as we are in preventing as far as possible any danger of financial collapse and guarding the general economic system from the consequences that would ensue if Germany were freed from all obligations while other countries are weighed down with domestic charges. The Americans, who are great exporters, and who need a big European market, cannot remain indifferent to what happens. Indeed, they have no right to forget that during the Hoover-Laval conversations it was admitted that the initiative in regard to intergovernmental debts must come from the chief European powers involved in the framing of the accords that existed before July 1931 and that, before the Hoover suspension had expired, an arrangement covering the period of the economic depression might be necessary, an arrangement as to whose terms and conditions both governments made every reservation. We must act in such a way that the Americans will be convinced in time that it is to their interests that this moral engagement entered into by M. Laval in Washington shall retain all its force.

To which extreme will Germany go—
Fascism or Communism? Hitler, Trot-
ski, and an orthodox Communist give
various and disturbing interpretations.

GERMANY *in Extremis*

THREE RADICAL
INTERPRETATIONS

I. TO VICTORY AND FREEDOM

By ADOLF HITLER

Translated from the *Angriff*, Berlin National Socialist Daily

THE TWELFTH year of our movement's struggle is at an end. Thanks to the increasing loyalty of our fighting comrades, thanks to their labors and sacrifices, the German National Socialist Labor Party has this year advanced still further on its march to victory. We all know that during 1931 our movement became the largest party in Germany. In spite of the flood of falsehood and abuse that has been poured upon me, our National Socialist banners have gone from victory to victory. At each election our followers have increased. Germany is in the process of rapidly becoming National Socialist.

But, amazing as these external successes are, they would be worthless if they were not accompanied by the inner growth of the party itself. On the fourteenth of September, 1930, our party numbered 293,000 members. On the first of January, 1931, a hundred thousand men belonged to our storm battalions and other organizations.

To-day we have more than three hundred thousand such followers. The number of our supporters has now increased to over fifteen million. These statistics reveal the present wide extent of our organization.

To-day, a mighty and awakened Germany faces Bolshevism and its Marxian, Centrist, and Democratic allies. If the Centre Party and the middle class would dissolve their pact with Marxism, no Red, anti-Christian Germany could exist at the present time. These forces are therefore the aids of Bolshevism and are chiefly responsible for our distress.

We have not only won over an immense number of city workers, but we have attracted many supporters among the peasants. The German National Socialist Labor Party is not only a city party; it is the biggest German peasant party at the present time. Its two policies of equalizing and adjusting the standard of living of every individual and of welding all Germans

together to accomplish the great political life task of our nation become more sharply marked with every month that passes. Our enemy has rejoiced at every apparent indication of rebellion within our ranks, only to express equally strong disappointment each time his hopes were deceived. The party has emerged from this test stronger than ever. The year 1931 has proved this to the hilt. The world is approaching a decision such as can be made only once every thousand years. The bourgeois parties are so petty and short-sighted that they do not recognize in Bolshevism the destruction of all human culture but only see 'an interesting experiment of the new national purpose.' They do not suspect that to-day a culture one thousand years old is being shattered at its foundations and that a victory for Bolshevism means not only the end of our present nation with its states, culture, and economic system, but also the end of our religion. No freedom can come from a world upheaval, only barbaric tyranny on the one hand, and increasing material distress on the other. As has often happened before in the history of nations, the destiny of Germany is again of decisive influence on the destiny of all. For more than seventy years the bourgeois parties in Germany have exploited the power of the national idea for their own uses and have betrayed our people to Marxism.

Desperately ambitious, these parties still cling to a government that would cease belonging to them if it were to weigh its own interests. If the National Socialist movement that we have created as a counterweight to Marxism were to collapse to-day, Germany would go Bolshevik to-morrow. Destiny itself will draw a clear line of battle. We see being fulfilled among our own people the Biblical text that recognizes hot or cold but that damns lukewarmness to destruc-

tion. The middle group is being hewn and hacked to pieces. The period of compromise is approaching its end. To-day the German nation confronts international Bolshevism with National Socialism.

National Socialists, we enter the new year convinced that it will be the bitterest year of struggle that our movement has yet seen. I repeat what I demanded of you last year. I demand of you nothing illegal. I demand nothing that will bring your consciences in conflict with the law, but I demand that you follow me faithfully along the road that the law has indicated, trusting to my conscience and insight, and binding your destiny to my own. Our movement must pass through a purgatory of abuse, lies, falsehood, terror, and opposition. Our enemy will sink to new depths in order to hinder the victory of our movement.

National Socialists, reckon on this in advance, and then nothing will surprise you. Then you will prevail over everything. The progress we have so far made from a party of seven members to a party of fifteen million is more difficult than the future progress that will turn us from a party of fifteen millions into the German nation. During 1932 let each of you be proud to be attacked by opponents. Let it resound through your minds that to-day our foes have only one weapon left, falsehood, and then consider the necessity of maintaining unity. If we have had the courage to believe up to now, we must to-day have the courage to continue on our way to victory and freedom like a knight, without fear or trembling, though we are threatened by death, hell, and the devil. Comrades, we want to march into this new year like fighters so that we may emerge victorious. Long live our magnificent National Socialist fighting movement! Long live our beloved German people! Germany, awake!

II. GERMAN COMMUNISM SPEAKS

By HERMANN REMMELE

Translated from the *Rote Fabne*, Berlin Official Communist Daily

STRAIGHTFORWARDLY, and without ornamentation, the world situation for the last quarter of 1931 was described as follows from the economic point of view by the official Institute for Economic Research: 'The grave international credit and currency crisis continues. Production and consumption are still decreasing. In predominantly industrial communities the decline, which slackened during the first half of the year, has become more rapid.' Concerning the German situation in particular, the same report reads: 'In Germany the position has again become acute. Production and consumption are both declining. Unemployment is increasing rapidly and the business cycle still moves downward. The collapse of the credit market has grown more serious. Purchases of raw materials and the orders received by business firms, both symptoms of new production, are continuing to decline.'

The number of bankruptcies in 1931 mounted to seventeen thousand, as against fifteen thousand for 1930. Production has been rapidly curtailed. The most important factor in the situation at the turn of the year is the more rapid tempo of decline. Whereas the economic depression developed gradually during the July crisis, its tempo in the past half year has speeded up tremendously. These facts are clearly revealed by economic researches covering the year 1931.

The German bourgeoisie entered the year 1931 with high hopes, with the prospect of rapidly overcoming the crisis through either revision or repudiation of the Versailles slavery. This illusion was based on the assumption that French ambitions in Europe would

be defeated. The French were bending all their efforts to dominate Europe by means of the Pan-European solution. The German bourgeoisie tried to establish a common ground of interest with the English bourgeoisie in order to thwart French ambitions for hegemony. It was in this political atmosphere that the projected Austro-German customs union was launched, which was aimed at French designs on Southeastern Europe.

Everyone knows what happened to that effort on the part of the German bourgeoisie to pursue an independent foreign policy. The thumbscrews of French financial capital shattered within a few months not only German public finances but also a group of big private German banks.

July 13, the day when the Danat Bank failed and all public banking institutions in Germany closed their doors, sealed the fate of an independent German foreign policy and destroyed all illusions that Germany would be treated as an equal by 'civilized nations.' The German bourgeoisie was forced to recognize that the Versailles tribute represented something more real in the way of power than phrases launched in the League of Nations concerning the 'freedom of civilized peoples' and 'equality of all nations in the civilized world.' Stresemann's foreign policy, supported and furthered by the Social Democrats and carried on after his death by Curtius, suffered a bloody reverse, and the cabinet member responsible for this policy was sacrificed. The German bourgeoisie had demonstrated before all the world its complete dependence on French imperialism.

While the German bourgeoisie was failing in its desire for expansion it

exerted all its powers against its domestic enemies, and tried in this way to overcome the sharpening economic and financial crisis at home. The Brüning Government went over completely to the policy of emergency decrees. The final constitutional phase of parliamentary activity came to an end and the period of complete dictatorship began. Between July and December four emergency decrees were issued, to which were added dozens of further decrees to the various states and communities, creating a system of government in which even the creators themselves have lost their way.

Nothing reveals the grouping and arrangement of the class forces more clearly than this policy of emergency decrees. It drastically proves that control of class forces has escaped from the hands and influence of the bourgeoisie. The repudiation of democracy and parliament, 'the crisis of parliamentarianism,' as the Social Fascists, the high priests of Parliament, call it, indicates that the bourgeoisie is no longer able to rule in the old way, by means of the system that still exists. The adoption of the system of emergency decrees revealed the class influences that had expressed themselves during the elections that occurred in the latter half of 1931, when the bourgeois parliamentary parties declared themselves bankrupt, when the working masses began to concentrate on the side of Communism, and when those classes that had not yet found themselves began concentrating in the counterrevolutionary Fascist camp under the influence of financial capital. In short, the inevitable historic decision is about to be made between capital and labor.

In this tremendous transformation of the alignment of classes, the position of the reformists collapsed rapidly. It kept becoming more evident that the decisive battle would be fought on the gradually crystallizing issue of Fascism

against Communism. In this conflict, the reformists are still trying to steer a middle course and are concealing from the masses their real rôle as misleaders. But they are meeting with less and less success. The truth that Stalin proclaimed is constantly growing more evident—that 'Social Democracy is a wing of Fascism.' Millions of Social Democrats are coming to recognize that these words of Stalin's are proved by experience to be true.

Rebellion in their own ranks has occasionally forced the Social Democratic leaders to make demagogic manoeuvres and to proclaim a united front with the Communists against Fascism. But their real task of defending the dictatorship of financial capital against the fighting desires of the working masses has forced them to abandon their proclamations and to become open advocates of Fascism. Experience has shown that Fascism and Social Democracy are not conflicting forces and do not occupy opposing camps, but that they are both instruments working to achieve the same end of saving capitalism from the danger of proletarian revolution.

THE bourgeoisie is bending all its energies to finding a capitalistic way out of the crisis. But, as we pointed out at the beginning of this article, their efforts have not led to improvement but to a rapid intensification of the crisis. And this fact is clear to the capitalists themselves, who are at last opening their eyes. They are finally attempting to overcome the crisis at the cost of the working class. All the emergency decrees have these fundamental points in common—they tend to lower wages and salaries, to decrease the social services, to create billions in credits and subsidies for the possessing class, and to peg the market for the sake of financial capital. With this policy in effect, Germany's misery has assumed propor-

tions hitherto unequalled in the history of the capitalist system. Even *Vorwärts*, the organ of the Social Democratic Party, has had to admit that wages have sunk below where they were during the early stages of capitalism. Unemployment, which had again exceeded five and a half millions in December and is rapidly increasing, has become a bloody whip that is lashing the system so hard that almost half the unemployed have been deprived of food rations. In order forcibly to prevent mass insurrection, the last remnants of the democratic rights of the working class have been destroyed so that its members now lack any means of self-defense. The fourth emergency decree prohibited public meetings to discuss political questions. It abolished the right to strike by laying down severe terms of settlement that forbade the raising of trade-union funds or strike money to be used in any struggle of the workers against lowered wages. The army of political prisoners continues to increase.

But all this wild persecution of the revolutionary proletariat by the bourgeoisie, all this constantly increasing Fascist violence has not broken the fighting powers of the working class. The German workers oppose the ever increasing Fascist activity with unbroken fighting spirit and decisive fighting force. It is this that has forced the Brüning Government into Fascism and has made it seek the support of the Social Fascists and the Hitler movement, with which it is constantly negotiating and compromising. Every new reign of terror increases the resistance powers of the working masses. To prevent this resistance from breaking out into open rebellion is the aim of the German bourgeoisie in all its decisions and in its exercise of class domination. The German bourgeoisie is in control at the beginning of 1932. But it knows only how this year is starting, not how

it will end. At no time has the class domination of the German bourgeoisie been so weak and uncertain as now. Even during the period of revolutionary upheavals between 1918 and 1923, the tendencies of the capitalist system to collapse were not so obvious as they are to-day, and, in like manner, the opposing class forces had not reached the profound and extensive state of conflict that now exists. And the uncertainty of the domestic situation is reflected in the uncertainty of the future as it is developing in the international sphere through the groupings of the imperialist powers. At home the bourgeoisie sees its only remaining salvation in Fascism, and when it looks abroad at the imperialist world powers it can see salvation only in complete dependence on France.

With Germany in its present critical domestic and foreign situation, with all the working masses without exception hopeless to the utmost, the Communist Party faces gigantic tasks such as it has seldom faced before. The business and industrial crises, the credit and financial crises have uprooted millions of workers from their shops and accustomed ways of life, and those who still have work have been affected no less grievously by wage cuts and short-time employment. The bank failures and financial crisis come down on millions of small savers, active members of the middle class. The agrarian crisis and steadily increasing taxation have ruined the lives of millions of small peasants, and all these millions are forming themselves into a seething mass of explosive revolutionary material. Under these conditions the Party is called upon to perform its great task, to fulfill its historic function and free the workers from capitalist domination. Millions in doubt and despair must become conscious of the leading rôle that the proletariat is to play in this struggle, led by the Communist Party. The

one thing the masses must do is to unite under revolutionary leadership. This is why the united front now assumes tremendous class significance.

The line that the Party must take during this situation cannot fail to be accompanied by many dangers. The greatest danger is that the leaders will lag behind the revolutionary impulses of their followers and ignore the objective revolutionary policies. As the Party has grown larger and stronger, as its membership has more than doubled in the past year, an intensive inner mobilization of the active Party leaders must continue along parallel lines in order to raise the Party to the highest degree of activity in all its cells. But there is also the danger that some groups will fall away from the leaders as they march forward, the danger of revolutionary impatience. Instead of

trying to mobilize their strength as extensively as possible, various individual groups may try to fight independently, which will not further their task but will hinder mass mobilization. The Party must oppose such tendencies. Without destroying the fighting enthusiasm of these proletarians, it must maintain this fighting unity. By recognizing both dangers and successfully eliminating them, the Party will be preparing the way for a real Bolshevik mass movement that will be in a position to meet with armed force any situation that may occur in Germany during the coming year.

The analysis of the German situation at the beginning of 1932 leads us to conclude that this year will be one of decisive importance to the German proletariat and therefore to the whole international proletariat.

III. TROTSKI ON GERMANY

By CARL VON OSSIETZKY

Translated from *Die Weltbühne*, Berlin Radical Weekly

STOUT Mr. Chesterton once said of the radio that if Mr. So-and-So were speaking from the North Pole he would be just as trivial as if he were talking in the next room. Since the most advanced technical invention is used almost exclusively for broadcasting idiocies in speech or song, it is only natural that the intellect should resort to print, which is old-fashioned, and that a genius like Leon Trotsky should express himself in the form of a little penny pamphlet that is a complete contrast to the calf-bound, rag-paper volumes offered on the Christmas market. Yet Trotsky's little pamphlet is the most important, timely pronouncement of our day. It is entitled *Soll der Faschismus wirklich siegen?* (*Shall Fascism Really Conquer?*).

The man who has been exiled to

Prinkipo, where he has no politicians or soldiers about him and no armored trains at his disposition, has lost none of his old vigor. His style flashes, storms, disperses thunderclouds, lashes a desperate world. Trotsky set out to write concise, brief instructions for his few supporters everywhere, but what he has done is to pass judgment on the universe.

In twenty brief sentences Trotsky sums up contemporary world politics. Nowhere does he find the working class equipped to accomplish its historic task. Moribund capitalism is turning to Fascism as its last bloody weapon of defense. It looks bad for Communism. Take Spain, where the most recent revolution has occurred. There the Communist Party is impotent and has taken a false position on all fundamen-

tal questions. 'The bourgeois revolution will never be able to give more than it has already given. In so far as the proletarian revolution is concerned, the present domestic situation in Spain can only be called pre-revolutionary, no more.' Then comes a brilliant comparison with England, whose political superstructure has not changed as rapidly as its economic system, and which possesses neither a revolutionary nor a Fascist party. He refers to France as 'the most conservative country, not only in Europe, but in the whole world.' The comparative stability of French capitalism Trotsky explains as being due to the nation's backwardness. But 'the contrast between France's secondary rôle in world economics and its unprecedented predominance in world politics is being revealed more clearly every month.' Yet Trotsky sees no chance for Communism in France, any more than he does in the United States. China is undergoing a slow transformation, and Japan is the only country that might experience a revolution, as a result of its adventure in Manchuria. What is happening in the Far East is perilous to Japan, but it guarantees Russia against acute dangers.

Only in Europe does Trotsky find *concrète* possibilities for great change. Germany more than any other country holds the key to the international situation. 'Economic and political contradictions have developed unprecedented sharpness here. The chances for peaceful compromise grow more and more remote. The moment is approaching when the revolutionary situation must break, either in a revolutionary or in a counterrevolutionary direction.' The destiny of Europe and even of the whole world will hang in the balance. Fascism has not yet reached its point of culmination. It is a product of the social crisis and of the revolutionary weakness of the proletariat, which is

due to two causes, 'to the historic rôle that the Social Democrats play as capitalist agents in the ranks of the proletariat, and to the inability of the central leaders of the Communist Party to unite the workers under the banner of revolution.' At this point a thunderstorm of polemics breaks.

Trotsky's blows fall like hail on the German Communist Party and on its overlord, the Comintern of Moscow. The German Communist Party has played with chauvinism and tried to compete with real Fascism by imitating it. 'The leadership of the Comintern has been unable either to foresee or to forestall. It simply supervises its defeats. Its resolutions and other documents are unfortunately nothing but rear-view photographs of the historic process.'

What attitude does the Comintern propose to take in the face of the approaching decisive conflict? Apparently none at all. It simply wants to wait. Already the following formula has been prepared: 'To draw back at the right time, to lead the revolutionary troops out of the battle zone, to set a trap for Fascism by letting it take over the power of the state.' And then comes this tremendous sentence, which is hammered into the consciences of the Russian dictators like a sharp spike: 'If the German Communist Party clings to this theory and follows this course during the next few months the Comintern will be guilty of a treason no less historically significant than the treason of the German Social Democrats on August 4, 1914, with all its terrible consequences.' And Moscow would be the chief loser.

FOR the victory of Fascism in Germany means war against the Soviet Union. The task of enslaving the German proletariat will tie the hands of the Fascists in their foreign policy and

will compel them to seek the support of French reaction. 'Hitler will need Pilsudski just as Pilsudski will need Hitler.' How about the German civil war itself? Italian Fascism will seem like 'a gentle, humane experiment compared with the German brand.' Therefore let there be no weakening at this hour. 'Leaders and institutions may draw back, individuals may run to cover, but the working class, faced with Fascism, cannot draw back and cannot run to cover.'

Resistance is still possible. Fascism has not yet come into power. Indeed, its path to power is not yet clear. For that reason he who preaches strategic withdrawal is, unknown to himself, an agent of the enemy in the ranks of the proletariat. What kind of people has Fascism behind it? 'Manual laborers and small business men, clerks, officials, and technical white-collar employees, intellectuals and ruined peasants.' Trotsky warns against hoping too much from the ballot because 'in the scales of the revolutionary struggle a thousand workers in the big factories weigh a hundred times more than a thousand officials and government employees with all their wives and mothers-in-law. Most Fascists are nothing but human filth.' Hitler, of course, understands how to boast. 'But his swaggering will not become a military factor until the Communists choose to believe in him. The most important thing to do right now is to draw up a sound estimate of the conflicting forces. What power have the National Socialists at their disposition in factories, railways, and in the army? How many organized and armed officers have they got? A clear social analysis of the status of the two camps and a complete reckoning of their strength provide an unfailing source of revolutionary optimism.' For war potential plays as important a part in domestic policy as in foreign policy.

Thus does Trotsky display in clear

outline the situation as it exists on the eve of the decisive battle with Fascism. Thus does he urge the proletariat and its parties to be filled with courage. And, finally, he accuses Moscow of the worst kind of treason, because there can be no such thing as neutrality when National Socialism threatens to seize power. 'Here is the point at which the proletarian state must defend itself, both in a direct and in an indirect sense, by means of revolution. Germany is more than Germany. It is the heart of Europe. Hitler is more than Hitler. And the Red Army is more than the Red Army. It is the weapon of the proletarian world revolution.'

These words of Leon Trotsky are hard and clear. His demands are uncompromising. This old theorist and technical expert at violent socialist policies displays a sixth sense in announcing the approaching decisive conflict. Of course, it is easy to discount a caricature of the Comintern and its members drawn by a man whose mixture of love and hatred is due to his own defeat. And it is just as easy to point out that Russia's foreign policy at the present time is restricted by her programme for industrial construction. But the man who is named Leon Trotsky and who has performed such historic labors has a right to hate, and it would be absurd to try to pour even a thimbleful of cold water on his passionate appeal to arms at a time when everything seems to point toward violence. The German Socialists are living in a state of panic. Some have rushed into opportunism, others into radicalism. This voice from Prinkipo tells them the way to find freedom of action. Trotsky is not a comfortable prophet and his malicious criticism of the childish political ideas that govern our party leaders will not be popular. His polemics are terrific, but they come from a man in high station. His attack is the attack of an angry eagle.

Two German population students analyze the falling birth-rate and cheerfully agree, though for different reasons, that the white race is no longer menaced by the danger of overpopulation.

No More Overpopulation

By TWO GERMAN
POPULATION STUDENTS

I. WORLD POPULATION TRENDS

By DR. R. KUCZYNSKI

Translated from the *Tagebuch*, Berlin Radical Weekly

POPULATION problems have agitated mankind ever since there have been people to agitate. Overpopulation was an acute question long before the discovery of the plow. The relationship between the existing food supply and the total population was all the more important the less able man was to increase the production of food. Nations dependent on hunting simply had to migrate further when their sources of supply, which they could in no way increase, became exhausted. When people learned to till the soil, and especially when they learned to transport food by wagon or by river and sea, their sources of food supply became more elastic. But the population was still confined to definite and narrow limits.

Concerning the total population of the earth in previous epochs we know almost nothing. It has been estimated at about 836,000,000 for the year 1800, and this was the result of a develop-

ment that had required hundreds of thousands of years. If we stop to think how easily a population can double within a century, and, if we further recall that one pair of human beings whose descendants double every hundred years would have two billion descendants in three thousand years, it becomes quite clear that population cannot have increased steadily up to the nineteenth century. Periods with more births than deaths must have been followed by periods with more deaths than births. On the whole, births must have exceeded deaths during the so-called normal years, whereas in periods of war, starvation, and epidemic there must have been more deaths. But even this rule had many exceptions. Some races brought forth so few children, either as the result of some kind of birth control or because they practised infanticide, that there were more deaths than births even during the normal

periods when no wars or epidemics occurred.

The second half of the eighteenth century was a period in which the birth-rate increased tremendously. In the latter half of that century the population of the world increased from 660,000,000 to 836,000,000. Great Britain's population alone advanced from 6,100,000 to 10,500,000. The situation became still more critical when the way to check the spread of smallpox and certain other fatal diseases was discovered. No wonder people were worried about the future of humanity. Overpopulation seemed unavoidable because human beings were multiplying more rapidly than their means of subsistence. This pessimism did not rest on ignorance of the potential world food supply. People knew very well that tremendous quantities of wheat could be grown in North and South America, but this knowledge had no practical value because there was no way of transporting wheat to the seacoast. The truth is that the population of the world could not have kept on increasing at the same rate that it had during the second half of the eighteenth century if the steamship and the railway had not been invented. When we remember that in 1800 no one could foresee that the steam engine would make possible an increased food supply we are no longer surprised that the world seemed overpopulated with 800,000,000 inhabitants, whereas to-day it has 1,800,000,000. But we lose our sense of superiority if we recall how absurd we should look to our ancestors if they could see us now and could know that, in spite of all the scientific and technical progress of the past hundred years, we cannot supply 1,800,000,000 people with the sufficiencies of life and wail about overproduction of goods and overproduction of people in the same breath.

We should also appear ridiculous to the population students of the early

nineteenth century if they were to read the books and articles that our leading sociologists, national economists, and biologists have written during the past few years, now that the population problem has again become a burning issue of public interest. They would not believe their eyes if they were to read the recently published book of a well-known German economist entitled *The International Birth Strike* which, by comparing the number of marriages and the number of births over a given period of time, discovers that in the year 1975 Germany will have only forty-six million inhabitants, that is, twenty million less than to-day. They would point to the fact that a Prussian population statistician called Süssmilch proved back in 1761 that this very method is fallacious, since the number of births is affected only to a slight degree by the number of marriages that occur in the same period.

Learned contemporaries of Malthus would be no less amazed if they knew that one of the most prominent American biologists considers that the best method for measuring the 'purely biological population status' is a 'life index' which is merely the proportion of the number of births to the number of deaths. They would refuse to believe that the descendants of people who, in 1790, collected the first American census under pioneering conditions can now, in the third decade of the twentieth century, measure the life force of the American people with a 'life index' that totally ignores the absolute number of births and deaths.

OF course such utterly absurd methods are not universally applied, but the usual method of measuring the population increase by the excess of births over deaths is hardly any better. Yet it can fairly be said that nobody would fear overpopulation if people under-

stood that the present great excess of births is chiefly the result of the birth- and death-rates and of the emigration and immigration of a far distant past, and that, if the present birth- and death-rates remain constant, there will be more deaths than births within a few decades.

The best way to measure fertility is to arrange the number of births in accordance with the age of the mother, and to discover how many children will be borne by the average woman, married or unmarried, who lives through the child-bearing period of her life. The highest fertility that I have been able to discover in any country was that in French Canada two hundred and fifty years ago, when the women averaged ten or twelve children apiece. But this single instance does not carry much weight because there were only six hundred women of child-bearing age in all French Canada and they often married at the age of fourteen or fifteen on account of the great excess of men. The next highest figure I discovered was for the Ukraine, where the average number of children per woman was seven and a half in the years 1896 and 1897. It is quite possible that certain countries that lack adequate statistics, such as some of the South American republics, may have as high a birth-rate or even a higher one.

At the opening of the nineteenth century women in the United States averaged six or seven children each, and in Eastern Europe, taken as a whole, the fertility of the women during the first decade of the twentieth century was about the same. But since then the birth-rate has fallen in both North America and Europe. In 1928 the average woman beyond child-bearing age had produced five and a half children in Russia; four and a half in French Canada; four in Poland, the Ukraine, and Bulgaria; three and a half in Italy; three in Hungary; two and a half in the

United States; and two in England, Germany, and Austria. Yet in 1928 England and Germany had an excess of births over deaths amounting to some hundreds of thousands. On the other hand, it is obvious that a population that averages only two births per woman is only just reproducing itself, even if each child reproduces, which, of course, does not happen.

At first sight it seems a paradox that an excess of births over deaths does not necessarily increase a nation's population, but this paradox is easy to explain. No matter how low the death-rate may be, the number of births must attain a definite and rather high average to guarantee the maintenance of the population at a fixed level. At the present time, 2,400,000 births are occurring each year in the United States and one and a half million deaths. Let us assume that both figures decline one million next year and then remain at 1,400,000 and 500,000 respectively for the next fifty years. Then let us assume that no one dies until he has attained the age of fifty. The 'life index' would be enormous and the continuation of the population at a fixed level would seem to be ideally assured. But what would happen in fifty years? As a result of the annual increase of nine hundred thousand the population would be greater by forty-five million than it is now, but the number of people under fifty years of age and therefore still capable of reproduction would amount to only 50 times 1,400,000 or seventy million, compared with one hundred million to-day. Within a few centuries the population would obviously almost die out.

It is even easy to estimate reproduction if we first establish the existing fertility by listing the births according to the age of the mother, and then discover with the aid of the death-rate how many children one hundred newborn girls will bring into the world in the course of their lives. But this

method can be refined still further. The man plays about the same rôle in continuing the race that salt does in cooking. Both are needed, but not all the time and certainly not to the extent that they exist. History demonstrates that even great variations in the number of men have little effect on the birth-rate. The World War has given us fresh proof of this fact. In all the warring states of Europe the number of men between twenty-five and thirty-five was very small ten years ago. To-day the number of men between those ages is greater than it ever was because in 1900 the birth-rate had attained a record figure. Yet with the best will in the world we cannot conclude that this tremendous increase in the number of men of procreative age has checked the falling birth-rate in the slightest degree.

IT therefore seems much more to the point to find out how many future mothers, at the present birth- and death-rates, will be born to every hundred mothers now alive. The highest figure in this category that I found was in the Ukraine during 1896 and 1897, when it was 196 per 100. In European Russia 170 future mothers are now being born to every hundred existing mothers. In Bulgaria from 1901 to 1905 the figure was 188, but in 1929 it dropped to 129. In the United States it was 113 for the white population in 1919-20, but to-day it is less than a hundred, and it is less than a hundred in most of the west and north European countries. In Germany, England, Austria, Esthonia, and Latvia it has fallen to eighty.

When we study the countries that have dependable statistics we find that they fall into three groups. First comes European Russia, with 125,000,000 inhabitants. Reproduction is extraordinarily high and gives no evidence of

dropping, because the death-rate has fallen at least as much as the birth-rate. Next come Southern Europe, including Portugal, Spain, Italy, and the Balkans; Eastern Europe, including Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Lithuania, and Finland; and Canada and Australia, with a total of about 200,000,000 inhabitants. In these countries the birth-rate is only about half as great as in Russia and in some it is quite low. The third group includes the United States, Northern Europe, and West Central Europe, with about 325,000,000 inhabitants. Here the population is no longer maintaining itself.

Groups Two and Three, which include North America, Australia, and all Europe except Russia, are the capitalistic countries of the West. The annual excess of births in these countries comes to about 3,700,000. But this is due to a temporary distribution of people's ages which keeps the death-rate down and the birth-rate up. If the birth- and death-rates remain constant or if they decline in the same proportion, then the excess of births must decline, because in Groups Two and Three there is no such thing as true population increase.

European Russia, on the other hand, with a population that is not yet a quarter as large as those of the other two groups put together, has an annual excess of births of nearly three million, and since this excess is a real population increase Russia will continue growing. If the birth- and death-rates remain constant the Soviet Union will have in a few years a larger excess of births over deaths than all the capitalistic countries put together.

The Soviet Union, which includes more than a sixth of the inhabited surface of the earth, has room for at least twice its present population and probably more. The capitalistic countries of the West can no longer count on any great increase in their total population.

South America and Africa will perhaps never have to seek an outlet for their excess population, certainly not in this century. Japan is very thickly populated, but up to now it has succeeded in spite of its growth in steadily raising the standard of living of its inhabitants. The danger of overpopulation therefore seems confined to China and India. But overcrowding is not so great as it

was thirty years ago and it is not likely to grow more serious during the next generation. The idea that the population of China will double in the next forty or fifty years if there are no civil wars or infanticide is just as absurd as the idea that the population of the United States would double in the next forty or fifty years if birth control were abolished.

II. GERMANY'S FALLING BIRTH-RATE

By DR. ERNST KAHN

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Paper

FOR MANY YEARS Germany has had the reputation of being a land specially prolific in offspring. The nervousness of France toward her Eastern neighbor is based primarily on what she regards as an all-too-rapid increase in this neighbor's population. Year after year witnesses a still further numerical increase of the German people. But if the question is studied a little more deeply a highly remarkable reason will be perceived for this increase—a reason which within a short time will have vanished.

The distribution of ages among the German people is abnormal, for the number of those of marriageable years is excessively high. Conversely, the ranks of those who have reached old age are very attenuated. Therefore, although the German birth-rate for the past year was probably 17.5 and the mortality-rate 11.3, yet within a few years the birth-rate will fall enormously and the mortality rate rise greatly, so that the latter will surpass the former.

This can be most clearly perceived if one considers the number of children born to a single wedded couple. Whereas, only a few decades back, this number might have been estimated at four, today the average number of children per

family has dropped to 1.9. But, as is well known, the number of children born to each marriage must exceed 2—statistically averaged, roughly 3—in order to ensure that the figure of the population shall be maintained permanently at a satisfactory level. (Parenthetically, it may be observed that the present low average of children born per marriage proves that Germany practises birth control to a greater degree than France, so that in this respect it is the most thoroughgoing of all the leading peoples within the pale of European-American civilization.)

This average figure of 1.9 is based on the fact that approximately 40 per cent of post-war marriages are estimated to be childless, and at least 20 per cent have produced only one or two children, so that there is only a comparatively small percentage of married couples who are parents of three or more children. In a recently published book, *The International Birth Strike*, I have endeavored to diagnose and explain the causes and effects of this revolutionary development in my own country. In contradistinction to the prevalent opinion, I question whether it is economic necessity that has been the principal factor in this *volte-face*, because the birth-rate has declined also in

prosperous countries. I think the cause is to be found rather in the very rapid growth in the manufacture of contraceptives, in the propaganda so vigorously pursued in every quarter for the emancipation of woman, and also in the daily expanding sphere of feminine occupations. The gradually vanishing influence of religion and belief also plays an important part.

At the same time account must also be taken to-day of the spread of these ideas from town to country. Formerly, only large towns and cities were characterized by low birth-rates. Berlin, for example, has broken all records among the capital cities of the world, inasmuch as practically 60 per cent—if not more—of the more recent marriages there are childless. In the agricultural districts it can be observed that it is only the peasant or farm worker who has a family of any size, whereas the independent gentleman farmer has also become a disciple of Malthus.

THE consequences, from the statistical standpoint, cannot fail to be that within a short time the growth of the German nation will have ceased. Expert opinion estimates that by the third quarter of the present century the population of Germany will sink to and remain at about 46,000,000. These estimates are, no doubt, based on long views, and before the period indicated many surprises of all sorts may have occurred. On the other hand, certain consequences applying to the immediate future may be predicted with absolute confidence. At the moment the most vital is the influence on the labor market, which will shortly experience a certain amount of relief because already, for the first time in the recent history of industry, its ranks are diminishing.

The generally prevalent apprehension lest production and consumption

decline owing to the drop in the birth-rate is obviously erroneous, for any reduction in the workers available tends to force a more intensive use of capital and not only raises the production per head of population but also increases wages. Hence I anticipate not a drop, but a rise in the production figures, although possibly not on a uniform scale for all branches of production. Fluctuation in the markets may be expected, the demand for agricultural products falling and that for luxury articles rising. For speculators in real estate the conditions will become very serious, for the former steady rise in the price of land will now, owing to the thinning out of the population, be reversed.

It is safe to predict one remarkable effect on state finances, which are at the present moment so heavily overtaxed. The burden of education will be diminished, the burdens arising from unemployment will lessen, and it will be possible to curtail housing subsidies. On the other hand, it is undeniable that the charges for pensions will increase, but the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages.

Among political reactions, any imperialistic proclivities will more and more disappear. For what sense can there be in the desire for colonies, if the 'younger sons' who are to emigrate thither are lacking? The state with an attenuated birth-rate will also prove an agreeable neighbor, for nations deficient in children find it difficult to recruit armies. In the domain of internal politics I anticipate a marked change in the complexion of the electorate, for, with the falling off in the youthful generation, a weakening of the extreme political parties and a consolidation of the moderate parties may be expected. Also, in place of the overrapid pace of modern life in Germany, a more quiescent and conservative pace may develop as a result of the decline in the birth and population figures.

Persons and Personages

LYTTON STRACHEY

By F. L. LUCAS

From the *Observer*, London Independent Sunday Paper

‘PERHAPS the most wonderful thing about *Candide* is that it contains, after all, something more than mere pessimism—it contains a positive doctrine as well. Voltaire’s common sense withers the ideal; but it remains common sense. “Il faut cultiver son jardin” is his final word—one of the very few pieces of practical wisdom ever uttered by a philosopher.’ What a writer chooses out for praise in other writers is often self-revealing; and this passage from Lytton Strachey is no exception. His common sense, likewise, could be withering, but common sense it remained; and how wide a garden he cultivated the world at large little knew. Part of it, but only part, was a public garden; it was not a garden where laurels always thrive—the atmosphere was dry and a little nipping; but the popular conception of its master has become a poor travesty of the truth.

Public figures inevitably come to stand in the public gaze stiffly sculptured in a single pose; that is so simple, and the reality is too complex. And so to the ordinary man Lytton Strachey seemed the incarnation of modern irreverence, the heartless cynic, the smiler with the knife; an Old Man of the Mountain conducting posthumous assassinations; the denying Mephistopheles of that mysterious, Satanic world of ‘Bloomsbury,’ tossing a plump Queen Victoria on to the spikes of the Albert Memorial; ‘never so happy,’ said one writer recently, ‘as when he was shocking people.’ How that charming and mischievous smile would have flitted across his face, could he but have read what the last few days have said of him, sitting on his veranda facing the Berkshire downs, in that house he had so filled with his personality!

Yet his books alone should have revealed to all but solemn owls that here was far more than a mocking ‘*Geist der stets verneint*.’ Open his *Landmarks in French Literature* at Froissart—‘One sees the serried ranks and the flashing armor, one hears the clash of weapons and the shouting of the captains: “Montjoie! Saint Denis! Saint Gorge! Giane!”—one feels the sway and the press and the tumult, one laments with the vanquished, one exults with the victors . . . one forgets the reverse side of all this glory—the ravaged fields, the smoking villages, the ruined peasants—the long desolation of France’; or turn to that masterly portrait where Bacon, with all his splendid gifts, rises up as an example of what becomes of the soul that is shut and deaf to poetry; or catch that rare glimpse the critic of Sir Thomas Browne reveals of himself, in Cambridge days—‘He has known, he believes, few happier moments than those in which he has rolled the

periods of the *Hydriotaphia* out to the darkness and the nightingales through the studious cloisters of Trinity.' Is this the person who was 'never so happy as when he was shocking people'?

Or take the tribute paid by this admirer of Voltaire to the opposite qualities of Rousseau: 'Rousseau, one feels, was the only man of his age who ever wanted to be alone. He understood that luxury, understood the fascination of silence and the loveliness of dreams. . . . He understood simplicity, the charm of little happinesses, the sweetness of ordinary affections, the beauty of a country face. The paradox is strange . . .' But there is no paradox here, to anyone who knew what a width and wealth of enjoyment of all that was best in the literatures of France and England were combined in this writer, who wrote fastidiously and little, but read enormously, with an equal zest for Racine and Shakespeare, for Johnson and Blake, for Beddoes and Stendhal.

Not that, any more than Gibbon, he allowed his life to be swamped in literature; in the garden he cultivated were plenty of other leaves besides those of books. That tall, red-bearded figure with the exquisite hands, delicate yet looking so young for his age, who walked the fields of Ham Spray, had a foreign touch about his appearance, as of a Russian landowner; or like some pictured Jehovah, terrifying to strangers, who would yet relax at any moment into an amused Epicurean Zeus. But behind the Olympian lay a character rich in all the best qualities associated with the word 'humanism'—not only a sense of beauty, but a sense of restraint and intellectual honesty, a hatred of shams and fanaticisms, which showed itself not only in that quiet and deadly ridicule lying in ambush throughout his biographies, but also in a reticence about feeling that was very different indeed from a lack of it.

BUT unlike some enemies of fanaticism, such as Voltaire, he never became himself a fanatic. The gassy and gorgeous bubbles of human folly he approached with a pin, not with the sledge hammer of Carlyle; the result was a great gain in artistic economy.

Thus, at Pontigny, once, after he had listened in silence to some foolish discussion, with examples, of the latest mania, the cult of whimsical behavior and '*actes gratuits*,' his still, small voice was heard asking: '*Est-ce qu'un acte gratuit est toujours désagréable?*' But he was interested in human beings rather than in principles. As a biographer, he succeeded above all because he knew what was of living interest in a man, and because he knew how to write. He did not denounce his characters; he let them speak for themselves. The resulting laughter was usually deserved. No doubt with many of his readers, as with almost all his imitators, that laughter acquired a touch of vulgarity; but whatever wins popularity must pay that price. Minds less crude could see there was far more than mere derision in a portrait like his Florence Nightingale; and with his masterpiece, Queen Victoria, it became clearer still. That gaiety, that

sense of the absurd, that flicker of watchful irony about things treated over-seriously which is characteristic of the French eighteenth century does not come easily to the English mind. We suspect it—to our loss. We forget how this quality has showed itself compatible, in Voltaire or Mme. du Deffand, Gibbon or Stendhal, with passion, with epic grandeur, with romantic fire. That irony Lytton Strachey made ours; it suited our post-war mood of repentance and leisure. His more romantic side succeeded less happily in *Elizabeth and Essex*; whether in some more creative form it might have found fuller expression we shall never know.

But what he has left, as critic or as biographer, will not soon be forgotten. As the past swells and bulges behind us, future immortality becomes more and more of a speculation; he who was dupe of so little would have smiled at vain attempts to prophesy. But one lesson at least that we should have learned by now is the survival value of sheer style. There he was unsurpassed, in an age of far more distinguished prose than verse. What reads with such perfect ease was, as always, written with difficulty; though, like Gibbon, he perfected his whole sentence or paragraph in his head, and his page showed deceptively few corrections. But he gave to English the best qualities of French prose—its point, its clarity, its agility, its grace—to a degree which few have ever approached. Future historians of English literature and English thought will see in him as a stylist and an ironist one of the most representative figures of his generation; but where shall we find (and he would have smiled at the implications of that question) a biographer to paint him as vividly to posterity as he has painted others in the past?

RUDOLF BREITSCHIED, SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC LEADER

By DR. GEORG KECSKEMÉTI

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

THE LEADER of the Social Democratic Party in the Reichstag receives me in the large Reichstag Building, most of which is now dark and empty. His slender figure and narrow, intellectual head do not suggest the labor leader. But his eyes shine with determined brilliance. These eyes seem to be looking always in one direction with self-assured will power. The man's position is almost as difficult, and his responsibility for the destiny of Germany is almost as great, as that of Chancellor Brüning. Perhaps that is why he says less than he actually thinks. We sit in a half-lit lobby of the huge building and our conversation covers the fate of Germany and Europe.

'How do you feel, Mr. Delegate,' I inquire, 'about the growing radicalization of the German masses?'

'The radicalization of the German masses is the result of economic distress. The fact that many large sections of the middle class are becoming

National Socialists is the result of the inflation, which deprived these people of their means of existence and turned them into anti-capitalists, who now expect that National Socialism will bring them salvation. The question of reparations has also influenced them, but the essence of the situation lies in the economic field. Desperate poverty and shattered careers are forcing large groups, especially of young university men, into the camp of the extremists.'

'But might they not see the error of their ways if there were some change in the international situation?'

'One should not overestimate the significance of a change in foreign policy. Some settlement of the reparations question is to be desired, more faith between nations is needed; but the weaknesses of the world economic system are so profound and chaos is so universal that the solution of one question such as reparations cannot in itself mean any fundamental improvement. The things that have affected Germany are the failure of long-term investments and the unorganized rationalization of a considerable part of our industry. These factors have caused most of our present misery. Other nations have made similar mistakes, and even America is now suffering the consequences of its frenzy of prosperity. We, too, have been living beyond our means for years.'

'What do you think of the prospects for collaboration between the nations of Europe?'

'Such collaboration is to be wished for, but before one can have any opinion on its prospects we must wait until the forthcoming international conferences have been concluded. If France stands firm on the legal foundations of the Young Plan, her attitude will in no way strengthen international confidence.'

'What are the prospects of a European Union? Is there any hope in Germany for a solution of international disputes along such lines?'

'All attempts made in this direction have failed. Of course we must hope that international reason will ultimately prevail. Nations must some time recognize that the present methods of economic warfare, in which everybody fights everybody else, can lead only to universal collapse. But of course we have no great hopes that international understanding will prevail.'

'DO YOU believe that the Hitler movement is likely to triumph? Do you believe that there will be a dictatorship?'

'Such a danger does not exist so long as the Government shows sufficient determination and sufficient will to live.'

'What methods would you suggest to maintain the present Government?'

'More propaganda. More manifestations like Brüning's New Year speech on the radio. German citizens, especially the rural population, must be shaken out of the fatalism that is now making them support a

possible Hitler régime. Such methods can and must strengthen the Government. The National Socialists cannot attain power by legal means because they are a minority, and they would not dare to risk a *Putsch*. One possible line that they might take is that of terrorizing the population, a method that could be used effectively in rural districts. In many places the attitude of the middle class has been made utterly nihilistic by reason of their despair.'

'Will the Social Democratic Party stick to its present line?'

'We can make no binding promises as to the future. Up to now the Social Democratic Party has supported Brüning at great sacrifice. At the present time the trade unions and the *Reichsbanner* have organized themselves against the danger of any attack from the right. Future developments naturally depend on the economic situation and on the political measures that the Government undertakes, on how far it is willing to assert itself.'

'What is your opinion about the intellectual basis of the right-wing movement and about the theory that democracy has failed?'

'That theory is a product of hopelessness. All the ideas of our anti-democratic young men are a reflection of their misery. I do not believe that these ideas are rational. What do people really want? Dictatorship? A dictator would bring no salvation to Germany. The discontented demand a dictator, but a dictator actually in power would only make more people more discontented and the domestic situation would become still more intolerable.'

'Would a Hitler dictatorship automatically lead to a Bolshevist dictatorship?'

'It would certainly strengthen Bolshevism in Germany. A great many of Hitler's followers are only a hair's breadth away from Communism, and vice versa. It is hard to draw a line between the two movements, but I do not believe in the Bolshevization of Germany. The youth of the country still contains sound elements that have not been swept off their feet in the crisis of ideas. Germany cannot be Bolshevized so easily.'

The words of the Socialist leader die away in the dark lobby, whose walls are silently awaiting the outcome of German destiny. And the destiny of Germany is also the destiny of Europe.

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated from the Bengali by the *Modern Review*, Calcutta Literary Monthly

TO-DAY all of us who live in the Ashram will joyfully celebrate Mahatma Gandhi's birthday. I want to indicate the spirit, the mood, to which the whole function is to be attuned. In modern times such festivals have to a great extent become things of use and wont, lacking the proper inner

urge. There is in them an element of pastime or recreation, and of excitement. On account of these disturbing elements, the opportunity of receiving into the mind the deep significance of such occasions is dissipated.

Men of auspicious birth do not belong merely to the present. If their present rôles are made fully to represent them, then their personality is made smaller than it is. In this way we belittle the deathless characters that stand out in perspective against the background of eternity. We pass final judgment on their greatness according to the standard of our immediate requirements. God wipes out from the picture that forms on the canvas of eternity the inevitably crooked and unconnected lines of the self-conflict and self-cancellation of daily life, and obliterates that which is accidental and transient; and thus a perfect, synthesized, and compact image of those who are worthy of our reverence comes to live forever. The value of festive functions like this lies in trying to look at our contemporaries also in this way.

India's political conflict of to-day may cease day after to-morrow; the purposes of our day may be swept away in the current of time, nobody knows where. Let us assume that our political endeavor has been successful, that there is nothing for us to expect from outside, that India has obtained liberation. Then the only thing worthy of special consideration is to see what individual item of self-expression in the history of to-day will remain lifting up its head above the dust in spite of its downward drag. It is when we think in this way that we understand what is the place, what the distinction, of him who is the subject of our joyous celebration to-day. We will not estimate his value merely from the viewpoint of our political needs; we want to realize the greatness of that force by which he has to-day made the whole of India powerfully self-conscious.

Mighty is this force, which has to-day lifted from the breast of the country the heavy weight of inertia. In the course of a few years India has obtained, as it were, a new birth, undergone a metamorphosis. Before his advent, fear covered the face of the land like a mantle; the country remained overwhelmed with diffidence. There was only petitioning and appeal for others' favor and the penury born of that want of faith in ourselves which lay embedded in the marrow of our bones.

The influence of those who are mere intruders into India has become all-powerful; India's life stream and current of consciousness, which have for ages run through her history, have paled into insignificance as if they were accidental. What can be a sadder plight than this? We have really become foreigners in our own land because of obstacles to the close realization of the motherland as ours by service, knowledge, and loving neighborliness. The administrative machinery and constitutional arrangements are the rulers'. With their swords and firearms they are the principals in India, and we are secondary and subsidiary. Until a short while ago the acknowledgment of this fact by us in our deluded state of mind kept all of us intellectually inert in the darkness of ignorance. At times brave souls like Lokamanya Tilak have struck blows at this inertia, staking their lives in

the venture, and have made it their mission to awaken the ideal of faith in self. But Mahatma Gandhi has applied this ideal powerfully and on a vast scale in the field of action. Realizing in his soul the genius of India, he has descended into the arena to make a new epoch with the unequalled power of his *tapasya*. Now has commenced in our country in a fitting manner the campaign of fearless self-expression.

The foreign merchant *raj* has hitherto carried on the trade of imperialism, building its citadel on the foundation of our cowardice. Armaments and armies would not have found ground to stand on if our weakness had not given them shelter. We have supplied from within ourselves the greatest of the elements of defeat. Mahatmaji has delivered us from this self-made defeat of ours. He has made the floods of consciousness of the new heroism flow in India. Now the rulers have become ready to enter into compromise with us, because the deeper foundation of their rule has been shaken, the foundation that lay in our lack of heroism.

THE man who joined in the war of argumentation in the Round-Table Conference in England, who preaches *kbaddar*, who believes or does not believe in the prevalent science of medicine and in scientific machinery—for the reasons stated above, we must know that we should not look upon that Great Person as bounded by those opinions and methods of work. He may err in the affairs of the times with which he is connected; there may be differences of opinion about them; but these are externals. Again and again he has admitted that he was mistaken; with changing times he has had to change his opinions. But the firm adherence to truth that has given his whole life an unshakable foundation, his unconquerable resolve, this was born with him, like Karna's armor. The manifestation of this power is an everlasting treasure in human history. In the world of changing needs, the stream of continuous change flows on. But to-day there has been revealed to our gaze the glory of a great life that has transcended all these needs—and may we learn to respect that greatness.

The spirit of Mahatmaji's life has been infused into the whole country. It is chasing away our faintness. It is this figure of Gandhi, the *sadbaka*, effulgent with this spirit, which stands on the pedestal of eternity. He has not allowed obstacles and dangers to stand in his way; his own mistakes have not dwarfed him; in the midst of the excitement of the hour, his mind, rising above it, retains its power of calm judgment. The man in whom this vast strength of character resides is the man whom we salute to-day, on his birthday.

In conclusion, I wish to say that it is not the distinctive quality of man to be a mere repetition of his ancestors. Animals cling to effete habits; man expresses himself, age after age, in new creations. Time-worn ideas can never hold him in bondage. Let it be our *sadbana*, our strenuous endeavor, to strengthen in *all* directions the spirit of rebellion roused by Mahatmaji in one direction against India's blindness and foolish customs.

Who has the power to liberate us so long as we are turned round and round in the whirlpool of caste, religious conflict, and foolish superstition? No nation can obtain deliverance from a woeful plight by strength of votes and the hair-splitting calculation of the respective rights of its constituent parts. A people, the foundation of whose society is full of cracks owing to internal strife and restrictions; who go about carrying heaps of refuse in their almanacs; who, with minds devoid of discrimination because of ignorance, rush to wash away their sins in particular waters at particular auspicious moments; who fondly cherish the self-abasement of their intellects and powers in the name of infallible scripture—such a people can never permanently and with depth of realization keep up that *sadbana*, that strenuous endeavor, which can sever the bonds of inner and outer servitude to others and can preserve with steadfast strength the heavy responsibilities of freedom against the onslaughts of all enemies.

It must be borne in mind that the supreme test of manhood lies in battling against inner enemies; heroism of such high quality is not required in fighting external foes. He whom we honor to-day has victoriously stood this test. If the country does not accept from him the *sadbana* for obtaining victory in that hard fight, then all our eulogies of him and all our festive preparations are in vain. Our *sadbana* has only just begun; the path, beset with dangers and difficulties, lies ahead.

INTERVIEWING ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

Translated from the *Neue-Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

‘MY BOOK on the United States has been called the best piece of reporting that has been done in our century.’ With these words Professor Siegfried began his conversation with your correspondent. He continued as follows:—

‘This apparently frivolous piece of praise brought me greater pleasure than anything else that was said about the book. Of course, I equip myself completely for any work I undertake and have all the necessary apparatus. Nevertheless, I write like a reporter, describing actual conditions and my own experiences. I travel, I keep my eyes open, I talk to people and form my philosophy from what I hear on the street. Every one of my books, like any piece of reporting, is the fruit of my own travels.

‘My father,’ Siegfried continued, ‘had a cotton business in Havre, and since he was an Alsatian he stood halfway between France and Germany. He wanted his sons to have an opportunity to travel all over the world before they went to work. By the time I was twenty-three I had visited all five continents and had spent a whole year in the United States and in Australia. But my father had long been active in politics and wanted me to embark on a political career. I therefore said good-bye to my writings and travels and at the age of twenty-five made my political début by contesting a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies. I was defeated. One

needs special qualities to be chosen a deputy, and I did not seem to possess them, since I was beaten at every subsequent election. Nevertheless, I devoted ten years of my life to politics. My experiences have been written down in a book that had no public success but that was perhaps my most interesting work—a psychological study of the French voter and politician. It was written just before the War broke out.

In 1918 I revisited Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States on a political mission. Six years later my book on England was published, and it was followed by my book on America and then by my last book, on the present English crisis. In that book I asserted that the idea of democracy—and this is the essence of all my thought—is a very different thing in Latin and in Anglo-Saxon countries. This difference accounts for the historic, political, and economic development of various nations, each of which has its own conception of economics. The inhabitant of the south regards wealth and possessions as something static. The northerner regards them as something dynamic. The southerner sees in the property that he has amassed a positive possession that is to be conserved and not risked, since once it has been reapportioned he can never get his hands on it again. The northerner visualizes wealth as something that develops of itself, that constantly creates more wealth and must therefore be risked, something that may be lost every day because every day it can be won back again. The northern conception is that of the optimistic young man who scatters his money freely because he sees all of life stretching out before him; the southern conception is that of the mature man who holds on to his money and adds to it with foresight and care. The latter is the French, Italian, or Spanish (but not the Neapolitan or Andalusian) conception. The American, Canadian, and New Zealand conceptions and even the English and Prussian conceptions are youthful and dynamic, but old Vienna, although it is inhabited by Germans, has a conservative point of view more like our own, for, like us, the Austrians are an old people. For there are such things as old and young nations and one should never make mistakes about a nation's age. Some nations, however, deceive themselves on this score and feel younger than they really are.

DURING the past year my book on the English crisis was sharply criticized in France as well as in England because I prophesied the collapse of the pound a year ago, when no one believed it would occur. Yet anyone with eyes in his head could have seen it coming. The English balance of trade had been unfavorable for years because England was acting like a young nation although it was really old. It was not holding on to its wealth but was living beyond its means in a spirit of youthful optimism, indeed, of a most excessive optimism, because after five years of war it thought it could at once return to normal conditions. But such a thing was quite impossible. A nation that has taken an active part in a war cannot return

to a normal way of life without undergoing a radical change. The English crisis is particularly serious because the English have made the grave mistake of regarding themselves as the only nation able to sell goods abroad. But this belief no longer holds water now that other continents have become industrialized in the natural course of affairs: first America, then Asia,—through Japan, Russia, and India,—and finally Australia and Africa. To-day all these continents produce industrial goods and purchase raw materials. In consequence, the economic system that had been built up on a different principle had to collapse. Indeed, all antiquated economic systems must end in this way, systems that with eternally youthful optimism assume the survival of a nonexistent world market and are dependent on the wealth that once flowed in so easily from abroad.

‘It has often been said that we are not facing a crisis of production but a crisis of consumption. To me, however, it seems that overproduction and underconsumption are merely a play on words. The crisis was undoubtedly due to the fact that during the War all states became impoverished but refused to recognize it. Although we are poor we are still living as if we were rich. Immediately after the War the necessity of replacing the property that had been destroyed caused a tremendous increase in production. This passing phenomenon led us into error. We embarked on an utterly false social policy of extending too much credit for speculation. In a word, we lived beyond our means.

‘Events took their revenge. I therefore utterly oppose trying to overcome the crisis by granting new credits. Consumption should not be increased. The thing to do is to decrease production. The way out of the crisis is not to be sought through new financial measures, but through returning to sensible economy. We should buy with real money, content ourselves with a small profit, and reckon with things as they are. It is not genius that we need, but economic honesty.

‘But it is another question whether the world can follow this wise advice. Overcome by anxiety, people are talking about the collapse of the capitalist system, although there is no question of any such thing’s occurring. The trouble is that the capitalist system is being hindered in every possible way from functioning properly. It functions badly because people try to prevent it from functioning at all. Capitalism grew out of democracy and, as a natural system, has the property of regulating itself automatically according to the iron law of supply and demand. When a purely capitalist system is in the grip of a crisis, the weakest elements collapse, that is to say, purchasers without purchasing power and producers without capital funds. Whereupon supply and demand again find their natural balance and wages and prices return to their natural level. But the present crisis is being prevented from correcting itself in this way by the social policy of fixing wages and prices. Democracy, which in its early days brought forth capitalism, has changed since that time. It has outgrown its own creation and has turned against it.’

Here is a hitherto unpublished short story by the late Arthur Schnitzler of Vienna. It is said to have been written in the neighborhood of the year 1900.

Charity's REWARD

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*
Vienna Conservative Daily

HE WAS walking as fast as he could, sometimes even breaking into a run, but it did no good. He kept getting colder and colder. Snow had been falling since nightfall and the street lamps were lit. What was he to do next? He could not buy another drink because he had spent his last two hellers that afternoon for a cup of coffee, and he was hungry from having run up and down stairs all day. A week ago, when the first deceptive breath of spring was in the air, he had sold his heavy overcoat, but now winter seemed to have returned to add itself to all his other miseries.

The street grew wider. Franz found himself opposite a big building with lights on the outside and with big windows from which more light was pouring. An unbroken line of carriages moved slowly past the door. People were getting out of them and others were arriving on foot, wearing their coat collars turned up around their necks. Franz knew that this was the Sophiensaal. A big fellow was running up and down, opening the doors of the

carriages and receiving tips from the people who got out. The sight filled Franz with envy. If he could only make up his mind to do the same thing, but it would be begging and he was a registered student in the university. He remembered bitterly a few months ago, when he had been almost as desperate as he was to-day, going to a students' aid society and standing in line with thirty or forty others in a big anteroom. Finally, he was handed a few coins by a gentleman with spectacles at a green-topped table, and when he tried to express his thanks the man said, 'All right, get a move on. Next!' and showed him the door.

A young man and woman walked by him eating roast chestnuts and laughing as if there was something funny about their being able to eat while others went hungry. The smell of the chestnuts intoxicated him. How he would like to have seized the warm, fragrant nuts away from them, but he knew that he lacked the courage to do so. He therefore ground his teeth with rage as he thought how hunger had

transformed him from a fine young fellow into a coward. He should have remained at home. There he could have plied some honest trade or done work in the fields that would at least have yielded him a living, and he would now be as strong and healthy as he was when he ranged the woods and mountains or lay for hours in the fields staring at the sky. At home he could always have earned his bread honorably without having to feel degraded as he did here. What had happened to him?

Through the still, cold air came the sound of dance music. At this moment he noticed that someone was looking at him, watching how his teeth chattered as he leaned against a lamp-post with his hands in his pockets. It was a young man dressed in a fur coat and wearing a little moustache who was stamping his way toward him through the snow. Suddenly the young man stopped in front of him, drew back his coat, reached a white-gloved hand into his pocket, and drew out his purse. Against his will and amazed at his own behavior, Franz looked the man in the eye almost fervently and reached out his right hand as if he expected to be given something. The man looked in his purse, but apparently could not find what he wanted. He then shook his head a little, murmured, 'Oh, well,' and gave Franz a ten-krone gold piece. Involuntarily Franz gaped and stared. A strange sensation gripped him. He knew that he could eat in a minute. He smelt the fragrance of roast meat and freshly baked bread. Eagerly he seized the young man's hand, clasped it, and pressed it to his lips. The man drew back in amazement, looked as if he wanted to say something, but quickly remembered himself and hastened away down the street, passing between two carriages and finally disappearing into the hall. Franz watched him as long as he could with the vague idea of imprinting on his mind the

figure and carriage of his benefactor. Then, with sudden anxiety, he looked more closely at the gold coin and sighed with relief when he saw that he had not been deceived. He then broke into a run for quite a distance, not thinking of hunger, thirst, or cold. At length, seeing the brightly lit window of a familiar restaurant on a certain corner he came to his senses and entered.

Not many guests were present. A small group of old people were sitting at a long table talking in loud voices. They did not notice his entrance. Franz sat down at a big round table in another corner and ordered dinner, eating and drinking hastily with bitter, sweet delight. When he had finished he pushed his plate away and leaned back. Now he was in no hurry. He would get back soon enough to the wretched quarters where he had spent the last few nights. Furthermore, he did not like the prospect of having to go out in the snow again. He felt as if the other people were looking at him and therefore began shifting restlessly about in his chair. Now that he was finally sitting in a warm place with a full stomach like other people he felt he had been out of his senses during the past few hours. He recollected with disgust how he had kissed the young man's hand and reflected with even less pleasure on the moment that had followed. He had half a mind to go back to the Sophiensaal and wait until his benefactor came out so that he could explain that he was not a beggar.

FRANZ paid and left. On the street he felt a little dizzy. As he was passing a dreary-looking hotel in the Brigittenau, he felt still worse and therefore entered its café to have a drink of brandy. The air was close and smoky. The large, low-ceilinged room seemed to be crowded. People were laughing and

playing billiards and talking in loud voices. Franz found a little table by himself near the farthest window. Not far from him sat two young men in dress clothes with a pretty girl who had dark, restless eyes. One of the men looked sharply for a moment at Franz, who drew back, for he thought he recognized the gentleman in the fur coat. But at once he felt disgusted for having been so taken aback, as if he had no right to go to the same café as his benefactor. While the man was dancing with beautiful ladies in a brightly lit hall no doubt he was proud that he had made a poor devil happy and had earned the man's eternal gratitude. Franz bit his lips. Of course, if he had been given ten times as much money or a hundred times as much, then he might have kissed the fellow's hand, then he might have altered his existence fundamentally and begun a new life, made himself into a man like other men. But this little gold coin, it was only enough to make his poverty seem more bitter, to depress him more profoundly than he had been depressed before. The recollection of what had happened brought a blush of shame to his cheeks. He wanted to see his benefactor return, for he planned to get up, stand before him, and throw the rest of the money at his feet.

Franz noticed that people were looking at him. Perhaps his excitement had caused him to talk out loud. The girl had turned her back. Her hair was a little disheveled and some long locks hung in curls about her neck. Franz remembered a summer evening at home, how he had sat on a bench by the mill stream and how the waitress from the Grüne Traube had come hurrying to him across the fields. In the moonlight she had looked as if she were flying over the grass. That was the evening before he had come to the city, and he had not held her in his arms since then. Suddenly he yearned for this fair-

haired girl with hot, moist cheeks whom he had not thought about for such a long time, and he conceived the idea of setting out on foot for home the next morning over snowy roads.

Suddenly a pale girl carrying a basket of flowers stood stock still in front of him. Not looking at him, she held out a little bouquet of red carnations and mignonette. Absent-mindedly he reached for the flowers and laid them down on the table before him. While he was reaching in his pocket for a twenty-heller piece the girl picked up the flowers off the table and stuck them in his buttonhole, still saying nothing, not changing her expression, and looking as if she were thinking of something else. At last Franz pulled a coin out of his pocket. It was a krone but he was too ashamed to search any longer and gave the little girl the money. She smiled slightly and Franz saw that she was much older than he had thought at first. 'Kiss the hand, good sir,' she said as she walked away. The words vibrated within him and as his eyes wandered over to the other table he felt as if the people there were looking at him with rather more esteem. Unconsciously he assumed an easier pose, signaled the waiter, ordered cigarettes and lit one. Then he departed. It was still snowing and the streets through which he walked were empty. He no longer felt the cold, but the ground seemed to sway a little under his feet.

A tempting thought flashed through his mind. He shivered all over and stood still for a minute. Then he stamped his feet as he walked through the snow and found a certain pleasure in mimicking the gait of the man in the fur coat.

In a narrower street he came upon two women, one of whom held a muff to her face. When Franz came opposite them the one with the muff lowered her arm and showed him a smiling face. Franz stared at her. The other woman went on as if she had no hope of inter-

esting him. But the girl with the muff reached for the boutonniere and pressed herself close to Franz. He was very much embarrassed. 'I have n't got any time,' he said.

'What else have you got to do so late at night?' she answered. 'Come on. Here is the door of my house.' Resolutely she drew him to the lighted doorway. She hummed a popular song and looked at Franz with a smile. At first he did not move but suddenly the door opened and presently it had closed behind them. The room that he entered was small and wretched. An oil lamp by the window gave out a dim light, and its smell penetrated everywhere. Again Franz remembered the last summer night he had spent at home, the cool breeze from the fields and forests that had blown over him, and he wanted to escape. Yet he remained. Later he fell asleep by the girl's side.

He dreamed he was walking up a long stairway in the beautiful building where he had attended a lecture during the first week of his stay in Vienna. At the head of the stairway men were standing about, paying no attention to him. Suddenly he heard a voice of shrill command behind him, whereupon two men kicked him downstairs. At the foot of the stairs, on a richly upholstered settee, sat the young man he had seen in front of the Sophiensaal. The girl who had sold him the flowers was sitting in his lap. They were both eating chestnuts and did not recognize Franz, which made him furious. He cried out to them but they did not hear him, and the hundreds and thousands of people who were passing by began to laugh at him. He wanted to fight, but could not move.

HE awoke with a start and jumped to his feet. The girl sat up in bed, apparently roused from a profound sleep and very angry. She put on a few

clothes and began shuffling around the room in a pair of old, tattered slippers. Franz had to give her almost all the rest of his money and then hastened away. As the door of the house slammed behind him the chimes in a near-by church tower struck three. Franz headed straight for the Sophiensaal. He must find that man in the fur coat. And he would keep on looking for him until he had visited every nook and corner of the city. The affair had not been properly settled and must be attended to. His lips smarted with a painful, burning sensation. He felt as if he had just kissed the man's hand, not for the ten kröner that had been given him but for all the worthless, foul stuff on which he had spent the money. The experiences of the night tumbled through his mind every which way, and now for the first time he thoroughly understood that he was again reduced to abject poverty and that he did not know what he would live on to-morrow.

The street was empty. The cold, morning wind whistled over the snow. A bar that he passed was still open. A sleepy, uncombed, fat Jewish girl was scrubbing the tables. Franz entered. As if in defiance of himself and the whole world he tossed off another glass of brandy. He then hastened away and in a few minutes reached his destination. He stationed himself near the door and waited. Dance music still came out of the gently rattling windows. Was it really the same night? Empty carriages drew up. Ladies and gentlemen came out of the hall and climbed into them. Others hurried away on foot. Franz was amazed at how calmly he let men who wore fur coats like that of his benefactor pass by him. He had made up his mind not to move from where he was standing until the last guest had left the building. He waited.

Suddenly his heart stood still. That was he, coming out of the door, button-

ing up his coat, turning up his collar. It was a rare stroke of luck that Franz had been able to recognize him while he was still behind the glass door, for now his features were almost completely concealed. Franz waited with both his hands in his pockets, and the gentleman came stamping through the snow, filling Franz with bitterness. He stood in the gentleman's way. The gentleman looked at him and asked, 'What's this?' Then he seemed to recognize Franz and smiled.

'Mister . . .' Franz began, but his throat contracted and he could say no more. The superior look of the man, who seemed to remember his extraordinary generosity of the previous evening and at the same time unconsciously looked down on the beggar standing before him, drove Franz to the point of madness and made his eyes glare. Unutterable rage gripped him. He raised his hand and gave his benefactor a terrific slap in the face,

knocking off his high hat. The young gentleman at first opened his mouth with astonishment, then seized the up-raised arm of the beggar and began shouting for the police. A few people coming out of the hall stood about, a coachman ran over, and a policeman presently appeared.

'Is the fellow crazy?' shouted the benefactor, as he picked up his high hat. 'I recognize,' he shouted in great excitement, no longer able to maintain his previous air of distinction, 'that I gave this fellow a great deal of money, ten kronén, yes, ten kronen. Please, Mr. Officer . . .' At this point he put his hat on his head. 'Nothing like this has ever happened to me before.'

Franz let the gentleman exclaim. It made him feel fine. And he did not say a word. The affair had been settled. He had squared accounts, and, feeling at once relieved, he let himself be led away to the police station with a smile on his lips.

Lewis Carroll, alias C. L. Dodgson, was born one hundred years ago and will survive forever in his unique creation, *Alice*. Here is a tender essay showing in what respects the author and his work were products of their time.

Immortal ALICE

By A 'TIMES' REVIEWER

From the *Times Literary Supplement*
London Literary Weekly

WHEN the author of *Alice in Wonderland* died in 1898, a writer in the press, while extolling 'Lewis Carroll,' observed that 'future generations will not waste a single thought upon the Rev. C. L. Dodgson.' He was not a happy prophet, for now that the centenary of Mr. Dodgson's birth has come round (January 27, 1832) it is evident that the world is keenly interested in every anecdote that can be gleaned about the man who lurked behind the books. There is a story—fabulous or not—that when *Alice in Wonderland* came out the Queen commanded that its author's next book should be brought to her without delay, and was highly disconcerted to receive in due course a tough treatise on some point of mathematics.

It is nevertheless becoming more and more clearly realized that the Wonderland adventures would never have had the peculiar charm that makes them different from all other fairy tales if Charles Lutwidge Dodgson had not

been a conscientious don working in the mellow and prosperous society of Christ Church; if he had not been a devoted student of mathematics and of logic; if he had not learned to write that old Oxford prose, shining like sunlit marble, of which the alchemy has been lost; and also (we may add) if he had not been a cleric tinged with the gentle austerity of the Tractarian tradition. That is why it is appropriate to keep the centenary of Mr. Dodgson in 1932 without waiting for the centenary of Lewis Carroll in 1965. There is no question here of a dual personality. 'Carroll' was only a mask worn for protection by a scrupulous soul, fearful of the snares of personal celebrity.

Mr. de la Mare in an essay that deserves to be a classic, contributed to the volume, *The Eighteen Eighties*, exclaims of the Carrollian heroine—'What a tribute she is not only to her author but to Victorian childhood!'

With her familiar little toss of the head, with her serene, mobile face, courteous, amiable,

except when she *must* speak up for herself, easily reconciled, inclined to tears, but tears how swiftly dashed away; with her dignity, her matter-of-factness, her courage (even in the most outlandish of circumstances) never to submit or yield. . . .

Yes, she is a tribute to Victorian childhood, indeed. But what a tribute, also, her whole Wonderland is to the sunny solidity of the Victorian epoch! For, just as it is only a square and carefully built piece of furniture that can bear to be stood upon its head, so it is only an age confident of its rationality and secure of its social ordering that can with impunity be inverted by the satirist. It is when all seems still and unchangeable that the mind, obsessed by a foreboding of revolution, flies off in a despairing tangent to anticipate it. 'Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank' in the long, hot Victorian afternoon, when the White Rabbit appeared. The *pax Victoriana* inevitably provoked 'nonsense' literature; the era could afford to support at one time a Lear, a Gilbert, and a Carroll and yet say at the end to their monsters, 'Who cares for you? You're nothing but a pack of cards!' nothing but a parcel of impossibilities! In all that it felt no threat to its sanity.

Indeed, who ever has felt frightened in Wonderland, as amid the goblin-ridden forests of Grimm's or Andersen's ghostly moonflowers or the bellowing genii of the Arabian Nights? 'Wonderland' is not, in fact, a very good name for the place. The original title, *Alice's Adventures Underground*, was better, with its suggestion of the topsy-turvy *Antipathies*, and, best of all, *Through the Looking-Glass*. For we wander with Alice only through our everyday world a trifle disarranged. When she jumped down into Looking-Glass House she found the same furniture, but, she thought, 'They don't keep this room so tidy as the other'; and in truth everything was, not disordered, but in a dif-

ferent place. That is the whole of Lewis Carroll's innocuous magic. There must have been other children, we fancy, besides one little boy known to us, who instinctively felt that the chapter called 'Wool and Water' in *Through the Looking-Glass* was a lapse from consistency. A shop that turns into a boat and back again, oars that are at the same time knitting needles, dream rushes that elude and fade as they are plucked—what have these insubstantial wraiths to do with Alice's adventures?

We welcome Anglo-Saxon attitudes—they are so sharply defined—but not a Celtic crepuscle. 'Give us facts!' said Mr. Gradgrind, Alice's contemporary, and he could not have complained that on the whole he did not get them in these books. The Unicorn judged Alice to be a 'fabulous monster,' but, if so, she was the only one in sight. What is there fabulous about the Bread-and-Butterfly? 'Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.' Hence, in Wonderland or Looking-Glass Land, whichever you choose to call it, one travels properly by train, and there is trouble (naturally) if you haven't a ticket. A train may (after a warning whistle and with the signals permitting) jump over a brook, as a cat (from Cheshire) may look at a king (of Hearts). But if a train might be at once a train and no-train, then what would become of the law of contradiction and the maxim that A is A?

FOR just as the fellow and diligent wine steward of the Christ Church Common Room could have found no pleasure in a fairy realm that did not abound in cozy houses, fair gardens, and views that recall the dreaming loveliness of the Oxfordshire pastures or the southern sea beneath the Downs, so the incredibly painstaking teacher of logic and its sister, mathematics, could

never patronize an irrational universe, however airy.

Mr. Dodgson, no doubt, loved conscious satire; but one supposes rather that it is in the mere unflinching pursuit of a straight line of thought that the Red King's dream throws up the problems of subjective idealism and solipsism, that the Snark (and/or Boojum) casts the grim shadow of the unknowable Kantian thing-in-itself, that the Hatter has achieved participation in the timelessness of the Absolute Experience, while the reversibility of the time series is part of the everyday living of the White Queen; and that poor Alice suffers such qualms over the jewel of personal identity. She tried hard, it will be remembered, as she dwindled after draining the little bottle, to 'fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out,' and at last, after so many changes, had to ask herself: 'If I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah! *that's* the great puzzle'—a puzzle to which the philosophers have not yet found an answer, though any child is capable of asking it. There is an angle from which the whole course of the Wonderland adventures (as well as that of the chase after the Snark) might appear as a logician's nightmare—that is, if 'nightmare' were a word that could be applied to any of Lewis Carroll's fairy steeds (certainly neither the White Knight's patient charger nor the King's horses that behaved so mischievously when sent to pick up Humpty-Dumpty merit it) or if Alice would submit for a moment to be reduced to a symbol, Alice, who, though a thoroughly conscientious little girl, could never be imagined as becoming π .

No, we cannot resolve the game into an exercise of logic, but we can see logic in these pages perilously near resolving itself into a game. *The Game of Logic!* It is the very title of one of the little

educational treatises which ought to have gone out with the severe warning 'By the Rev. C. L. Dodgson,' but actually had 'Lewis Carroll' on the title page (as we may verify from that treasure house for the Carrollian, the enlarged reissue of the original *Bibliography of Lewis Carroll*, which marks this centenary year) and which, within, had such curious 'examples' of the syllogism as:—

No bald person needs a hairbrush;
No lizards have hair;
∴ No lizard needs a hairbrush.

When we bear in mind, further, that the *Adventures in Wonderland* are but a living game of cards and that *Through the Looking-Glass* claims to be a chess problem that can be worked out 'strictly in accordance with the laws of the game'—how clearly we can trace in them the hand of that orderly, old-maidish celibate who reveled in every kind of mental puzzle, who was such a tireless concocter of riddles and puns, who classified his correspondence, however trivial its items, in *dossiers* that ran up to No. 70,574 and did not end there, and who recorded minute notes on the progress of his mathematical pupils and preserved them long after their subjects had passed or failed and gone their way. For him, there was no game to be played without the full rigor of the rules; no disheveled loose ends must be left to give a horripilant air to the beings of his imagination; and no verbal paradox was to be cowardly evaded.

Words, indeed, were the most baffling element in his universe. 'When *I* use a word,' Humpty-Dumpty boasted, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less . . . The question is which is to be master—that's all.' But with Lewis Carroll there was no question which was master; it was the impudent, incalculable word. He sought to make a contribution to the

discussion that raged at Oxford in 1861 over the endowments of the Greek professorship, the 'heretic' Jowett's professorship. It had been moved 'that the Corpus element be omitted, and the Professor of Latin be substituted for the Regius Professor of Greek.' Mr. Dodgson began his printed reply:—

Here are two propositions, startling in their novelty, and demanding serious and separate consideration. The first, 'that the Corpus element be omitted,' is a condition never before annexed to a professorship and it indicates but too clearly the wide influence that the so-called 'spiritualist' views have attained both in America and in this country.

It may no doubt be desirable that a professor should be free from the petty cares and distracting influences that are inseparable from our corporeal condition; still, as none but a member of All Souls can possibly fulfill the stringent requisition here proposed . . .

'My dear!' cried the White King, 'I really *must* get a thinner pencil. I can't manage this one a bit; it writes all manner of things that I don't intend.' Another of them was that version of the Propositions and Postulates of Euclid (Mr. Dodgson was a warm champion of Euclid against rival geometricians) which ran:—

Plain superficiality is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points.

Let it be granted:—

That a finite argument (*i.e.*, one finished and disposed of) may be produced to any extent in subsequent debates.

That a controversy may be raised about any question, and at any distance from that question.

IT is nearly as bad as the King's controversy with his Anglo-Saxon messenger, Haigha, who was annoyed at being told that 'Nobody walks slower than you,' though it was plainly evident that otherwise he (*sc.*, Nobody) would have arrived first. But this obstinate resolve of terms to mean what they like, or nothing at all when they don't like (a

prank they are always playing on the formal logician), has an even more disturbing counterpart in the trick of meanings when they begin to float about apart from terms. It is misleading to call a poem like 'Jabberwocky' 'nonsense.' It is very far from lacking 'sense'; what it lacks is recognizable terms in which to express its sense. 'Abbracvexttonci' and 'phygcynx' are genuine nonsense, coined on the moment, and they are not in the least entertaining; but

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe

is another story—or rather *is* a story, which is why we love it. Lewis Carroll seems to have undergone that marvelous experience called 'Jabberwocky' with the same powerlessness with which Alice underwent most of *her* adventures, and Mr. Dodgson (let us for once concede a Jekyll-and-Hyde duality to them), Mr. Dodgson the formal logician, struggled hard to deny its validity. The new meanings, he pleaded, were simply old meanings compounded, and the old terms could perfectly well express them.

Hence the theory of 'portmanteau words' hurriedly devised to save the ravaging of the logician's static realm by novelty. But who will agree that 'slithy' means only 'lithe and slimy' or 'mimsy' merely 'flimsy and miserable'? Who will be duped into believing that that mystic, torrid hour of 'brillig' means plain 'four o'clock in the afternoon,' or that a 'borogove' is nothing more thrilling than 'a thin, shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round'—one would almost think that Carroll never actually saw one! Perhaps nobody ever clearly did; but surely these creatures peep round the fringe of consciousness, some day to be fully disclosed. Then there will be

no possibility of pretending that they are something other than themselves, so as to bring them within the compass of existing dictionaries; the dictionaries, rather, must expand to accept their designations. 'The question is which is to be master—that's all.' Meanwhile, it is to be observed that there is talk and song about these outlaws from common sense in Looking-Glass Land, but no admission for them. No 'bandersnatch' ever made a pounce at Alice; in the year 1872 she would have shaken any such intruder, even on the other side of the looking-glass, as severely as she did that unhappy black kitten for trying to frighten her.

And that is as it should be. We do not want our heroine's topsy-turvy but homely paradise invaded by dragons, that paradise which the unerring Mr. de la Mare has compared to one of 'the gemlike Italian pictures of the fifteenth century.' It may well have that innocence and serenity; for its creator was one of the most innocent of men. Inexpugnable, if liberal; in his orthodoxy, meticulously avoiding the irreverent anecdote, inflexible guardian of the old-fashioned Sunday, he remained, for all his waywardness and iridescence of genius, the best kind of old-fashioned clergyman. And we may, perhaps, without being fanciful, trace a special connection between his religious convictions and his love of unsullied childhood. His father, as we read in his biography, a hard-working country parson, in the controversy about baptismal regeneration 'took a prominent part, siding on the question with the Tractarians,' and Charles Lutwidge, though he evolved toward a Broad Church standpoint, had early associations with the same group and was the friend of Pusey and of Liddon. Now, it is known what a special value the Oxford Movement attached to the sinlessness of the newly baptized according to their theology. There is

surely some echo of their influence in Dodgson's persistent affection for childhood, the society of which was to him as a foretaste of heaven; just as his dread of personal fame and his benign, but firm, severity in rebuke reflect other well-known characteristics of the same school of churchmanship.

Occasionally this strictness appears a trifle strained to our generation; nobody to-day, we think (and perhaps few even in Victorian days), can feel the same affection for the angelic heroine of *Sylvie and Bruno* as for the more terrestrial Alice. There are moments of deep and surprising pathos in that later work of fancy, but it has an uncomfortable streak of sentimentalism. A rigorous critic might detect a touch or two of that even in *Alice*, at moments when the author pauses to pet his favorite. These tokens of passionate emotion suggest a stern repression in that bachelor life devoted to mental labor, college duty, and the play of a drastically purged fancy. No one can tell now what might have been written in a very different style by the author of the scene of the drunken husband's repentance in *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* if he had abandoned his academic and intellectual reserve. One suspects tragic depths beneath the disciplined surface of this life and art; but they are only permitted to cast a wistful charm like the first soft warnings of a summer sunset over the Wonderland dream.

Long has paled that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.
Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

So much and no more he allowed his pen to trace after the last page of Alice's adventures. He was loyal to that maxim of his time and his type which figures on the opening page of Newman's *Apologia*: '*Secretum meum mihi.*'

On the morning of his death at the age of ninety, Dr. Gustave Le Bon gave this article its finishing touches and its title. Here is the final testament of a great French psychologist.

Ultima VERBA

By DR. GUSTAVE LE BON

Translated from the *Revue Bleue*
Paris Political and Literary Semimonthly

IT IS always interesting and useful to learn how scientists came to undertake their researches. As far as I am concerned, I should like nothing better than to relate the circumstances, generally unforeseen, which led me to study subjects as varied as the analysis of tobacco smoke, the gait and training of horses, the evolution of matter, and so on. But a volume devoted to such matters would probably interest most readers but little, since in modern life our eyes are fixed on the future, not on the past. I shall therefore confine myself to making a brief résumé of some of my investigations of problems whose interest has grown rather than diminished.

It is relatively easy to define the principal characteristics of life, but it is much less easy to grasp the fundamental properties that distinguish mobile life from immobile matter. Such a distinction seemed quite easy not long ago, when matter was looked upon as an inert substance that could not feel or move. But to-day we know that the most apparently rigid matter is com-

posed of innumerable electric atoms moving round and round at immense speed. The sensitiveness of these elements is most acute, since the slightest change in temperature, even by one-thousandth of a degree, modifies many of their properties, their speed of movement, their radiance, and their capacity to conduct electricity. Thus even a block of marble may be regarded as one particular form of life. But only when matter has reached a higher phase of evolution does the capacity of reproduction appear.

If this capacity is considered the prime phenomenon of life, we can say that life first appeared in the world on the day when primeval matter, influenced by unknown forces, transformed itself into cells capable of giving birth to other cells. For thousands of centuries these cells slowly evolved, and from their successive changes through the ages the beings that exist to-day were finally born.

All those functions which, as an entirety, constitute life, are sufficiently well known so far as the effects they

produce are concerned, but science and philosophy can only formulate vague hypotheses concerning the origins of their activity. Without so much as trying to understand how the brain cells engender thought, we can say that the origin of those forces that preside over even the simplest vital functions remains unknown. We know nothing whatever about the nature of the energies that govern the spider when it is spinning its marvelous web, any more than we know what enables the caterpillar to transform itself into a butterfly.

Given the narrow limits of our intelligence, we must content ourselves with studying observable phenomena instead of trying to understand too much. But even when the study of life is confined to such a modest scope, it is complicated enough, and more physiological works on the subject are appearing every day. Laborers are unendingly adding new stones to the already immense edifice. Let me add mine by outlining a few of the researches that the hazards of a long life have led me to undertake in my studies of variations of personality, diverse stimulants of life and sensibility, and collective psychology.

In my psychological works I have frequently insisted on the important rôle played by the constant variations of personality in politics, history, and ordinary daily living. Although profound, these variations are generally concealed by the conventional obligations of life. The ancient theory of the unity of the personality was the necessary result of the classic idea of the unity of the soul, which was considered as the immaterial life principle.

But according to modern ideas life, and therefore the soul, cannot be considered as anything unique. The activities of the mind, the heart, the liver, in short, the activities of every organ, concern different lives that have no

common origin, no common measure. Our personality is merely the sum of these various existences, each of which translates certain reactions of the organism to outside influences. Once these fundamental principles are granted we need no longer be astonished to find that our personality frequently varies. And it would vary even more if certain elements that have been established by ancestral tradition, education, the influence of surroundings, and other causes were not constantly limiting these oscillations and therefore the changes of conduct that result from them. For nothing limits them in an absolute fashion. Your visitor who has climbed up several flights of stairs to see you possesses, when he walks into your room, a different moral and material personality from the one that he had when he entered your front door. Unquestionably these variations are slight and are of the same order as the differences of weight that the same body undergoes on different floors of a house, variations that only supersensitive instruments can record.

Obviously, we are in the domain of those infinitely small distinctions that science has tended to neglect but whose importance is increasing daily. Yet it is by the addition of elements of infinite smallness that worlds of infinite grandeur are formed. Since we have not yet bridged the gulf of ignorance that separates us from the prime causes of things, our science must confine itself to modest observations of daily facts. How do those changes occur that have enabled the humble atom to transform itself into a radiant star or a thinking human being? These questions cannot be answered to-day, so, since we can explain practically nothing, let us confine ourselves to making observations.

H EAT, ultraviolet rays, mountain or seaside air, and thermal waters ex-

cite the human organism and have long been subjects of medical study. But for unknown reasons the effect of all these stimulants soon diminishes. After twenty days at a spa sick people derive no further benefit from it, although at the beginning of their stay the waters they took were highly efficacious. Nor do we know the reason why certain mineral waters produce certain results. Their properties are indubitable, although chemical analysis reveals nothing unusual in their composition. I once supposed that the action of these waters might be the result of their temperature, or, possibly, of radioactive properties. At my advice Professor Pozzi arranged baths in his hospital with hot running water, some of it charged with uranium salts, some of it uncharged. But the effects observed were almost negligible. Some mineral waters therefore contain unknown elements that must be added to the list of unknown elements with which science still has to deal.

Among the general stimulants of the organism, temperature is particularly important. From numerous experiments on animals, I have demonstrated that baths at 140 degrees Fahrenheit constitute the best kind of stimulation to reanimate the centres of life. This method is also effective for reviving recently drowned people who seem to be dead. Dr. Campardon published in his *Comptes rendus de l'Académie des Sciences* several cases of drowned children being brought to life by my method after all other methods had proved ineffective. I also demonstrated that when a hot bath could not be prepared for lack of time it was enough to expose a drowned person to a very hot fire and that this constituted a much more effective method of restoring life than the classic treatment of artificial respiration.

High temperature and artificial respiration are both useless when the

drowned person has remained under water long enough for the blood in his heart to have become coagulated with clots. In my experiments on various animals I found that this coagulation occurred when, because of prolonged immersion in cold water, the temperature of the animal's body had sunk to about 97 degrees Fahrenheit. Thus temperature is one of the few certain signs of death.

Various methods that we need not describe here in detail have permitted modern therapeutics to triumph over certain morbid states, both individual and general, that have long scourged humanity. Cholera and the plague are only memories, and we may look forward to the day when the microbes that generate tuberculosis and hereditary syphilis will be mentioned only in books of medical history.

Science has not yet reached that point, but therapeutics are succeeding more and more in giving the sick person the necessary strength to resist whatever illness has assailed him. Stimulants vary in results and intensity. Some stimulants influence the character and thoughts of those who use them—tobacco to a slight degree; opium, morphine, and cocaine to a high degree.

In so far as tobacco smoke is concerned, its effect is not due solely, as was once believed and as people who use denicotinized tobacco still suppose, to nicotine, but to various alkaloids whose existence my analyses have established. Some of these alkaloids are so poisonous that a single drop on the back of a frog kills it instantly, whereas the animal is able to survive a similar dose of nicotine for a number of minutes. Tobacco smoke has a mildly stimulating effect on the cerebral faculties. It intensifies them slightly at first, but ends by depressing them a little. Constant smokers feel their memory weakening long before they reach old age.

The influence of certain compounds, notably opium smoke, is much more powerful on the brain than tobacco smoke. Opium smoking does not provoke erotic dreams, as is generally supposed, but it creates mental modifications that make it easy for the smoker to endure the cares of life. As an example of such an influence let me mention a case that was recently reported to me by a naval officer who bears a name illustrious in science, Lieutenant de Saussure. The properties of opium were very well known to him because he had smoked it for a long time. One of his friends, on losing his wife, of whom he was very fond, was plunged into such despair that he resolved to commit suicide. Saussure asked him merely to hold his patience for a few days and to spend them smoking a few pipes of opium by way of distraction. On the third day, the friend was so consoled that he looked with indifference on the event that had almost occasioned his death.

Unhappily, all stimulants to the nervous system, morphine, opium, cocaine, and ether, ultimately exert disastrous effects on the cells that they excite and occasion disturbances that have been described in every pathological treatise. Some internal stimulants act more on the unconscious personality than on the conscious personality. It would be too long a task for me to attempt to distinguish between conscious and unconscious life, which I have already studied in many of my books. Sufficient to say that modern psychology has proved that most of our thoughts and actions are exteriorizations of an unconscious life which has been inherited from a long ancestral past and to which the influences of background and education have been added.

The conscious mind dominates, at least apparently, the impulses of the unconscious and makes the barbarian

into a civilized person. But this veneer of civilization is not always very thick, and in periods of great disturbance it easily rubs off. The barbarian then reappears, and we see, as we did during the Revolution, peaceful bourgeois breaking open the tombs of kings and seizing the corpses spared by time. Some substances, alcoholic drinks, for instance, paralyze the moderating influence of the conscious. The drinker soon reaches a condition in which he has nothing to hide—*in vino veritas*, as the Latin saying goes.

In his interesting book on psychoanalysis and various methods of investigation, Dr. A. Marie, head of the Sainte-Anne clinic, reports numerous experiments concerning the suppression of the conscious which I made on subjects who had accidentally absorbed considerable doses of hasheesh. These subjects seemed to have lost all traces of education and revealed their most intimate conjugal secrets in a language of crude vulgarity. By using my experiments, an American writer even composed a very curious story.

POWERFUL as are the physical stimulants whose effects I have briefly sketched, their influence is infinitely weak compared to that of psychological stimulants. For the latter control our will and thought. Anyone who knows how to master them is the master of people's souls, and consequently the master of people's conduct. It is on psychological influences that our great civilizations have been founded, and it is by psychological influences that they have been destroyed. The great masters of humanity always knew how to manipulate the psychological factors that control the desires of individuals and multitudes. Of the various devices—affirmation, repetition, mental contagion, and so on—they found that the most powerful of all was that of prestige.

This is the necessary basis for divine and royal authority.

Successive ages have employed the elements that used to make up individual prestige. But individual prestige has been replaced by the action of numbers, a sovereign force, no doubt, but one lacking in fixity. And it is precisely because prestige has become an ephemeral power that the life of nations has lost its stability and is oscillating at the mercy of every hazard.

In the distant period of my youth, when various circumstances led me to study collective psychology, the strangest errors were current concerning the soul of the crowd. People then believed, and many modern politicians act as if they still believed, that the mere fact that a great many men have met together in one place enables these men to display qualities of good sense and judgment that they do not possess when alone. It has not taken very profound psychological observation to prove that this theory is completely false. As soon as the most intelligent man becomes part of a crowd he finds that his faculties are paralyzed by the phenomenon of mental contagion. His intellectual level drops tremendously, and he follows impulses that are independent of his will. Individual psychology and collective psychology actually constitute entirely separate chapters of psychology as a whole. If we do not recognize these distinctions we cannot understand the greatest phenomena of history, revolutions. By applying to history our knowledge of collective psychology we arrive at some rather surprising conclusions. Contrary to appearances, we discover that no nation has adopted the religion, art, or language of another nation without transforming it. This transformation is sometimes so profound, as happened when China adopted Buddhism, that it

is difficult to detect the original article.

Psychology is one of those rare flames that throw light on the conduct of nations and enable us to foresee their future. Its study is more rewarding now than it has ever been. If we confine ourselves to appearances alone, the modern world would seem to be governed by the strangest paradoxes. Work, which was once considered a source of wealth, has been transformed by the unemployment it has created into a source of poverty. Want, which used to be the result of insufficient harvests, is now the result of superabundance. In Brazil, coffee growers are burning their excess crops, and American farmers are doing the same thing to their excess wheat, while workers, ruined by unemployment, suffer grievous privations. Among the other paradoxes is that of Germany, which has succeeded by an ingenious banking arrangement in causing its creditors to pay its debts.

All these contradictions cannot last. The world has suddenly emerged from the condition of mediocre civilization to which it had adapted itself, and a new world cannot be created overnight. The years have passed, bearing with them their usual escort of illusions, joys, and sorrows. At the end of an already long career I have had the satisfaction of seeing various circles accept some of the fundamental ideas that I have defended for half a century and that were attacked for a long time: in the physical world, the identity of matter and force, matter consisting simply of concentrated energy; in the moral world, the elevation of nations from barbarism to civilization under the influence of the elect, and their return to barbarism as the masses come to play a larger rôle. The world to-day seems to have arrived at a stage intermediate between civilization and barbarism, as has often happened in history before.

Here is the philosophy that underlies many of the new German cults, from nudism to National Socialism. Herr von Hollander may be described as the German equivalent of D. H. Lawrence.

Revolt *against* the Intellect

By WALTHER VON HOLLANDER

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

THE predomination of the intellect rests on the belief that reality can be apprehended and proved and that only that which can be apprehended and proved and arranged according to cause and effect really belongs to life, while all that which cannot be grasped or arranged should be swept aside as of no value. The intellect supports itself on exact science; on the state, with its boundaries, divisions, and parties, its civil service and army; on so-called 'hard reality,' the struggle for existence, which is supposedly governed by hunger and love.

The philosophical doctrine of the intellect is materialism, a limited, modest, and tidy doctrine that has done an exceptional lot to clarify life conceptions, to free the material world of high-sounding phrases, false ideals, and senseless notions, and to broaden the sphere of science and further the conquest of matter. It lost its way when it exceeded its own limits and tried to prove that matter is identical with reality—that reality is only what can be

perceived by the crude, untrained senses of the average man. By so doing materialism made possible and prepared the way for the revolt against the intellect in which we are at present engaged.

It must not be thought that this revolt against the intellect is a revolt of the foolish against the wise. Like every revolution, this one has its good-for-nothing and muddle-headed hangers-on. Certain political parties are using the general wave of feeling against intellectualism and the widespread aversion to materialism to further a threadbare kind of idealism and to offer mankind rank and unsound sentimental bosh in place of tried and tested mental achievements. But on the whole this revolt against the intellect is not an artificial thing; it is growing and organic, that is to say, a living movement.

The revolt against the intellect means simply a revolt against the predominance of the intellect, or, at present, against its sole dominance. This revolt against the intellect and against in-

tellectual materialism is not a struggle for the idealism of yesterday but for the realism of to-morrow, for the tremendous kingdom of unmeasured and immeasurable reality. The revolt against the intellect is a revolt in behalf of the creative forces of life against the merely regulating forces, against the limitations of the brain, against the political and economic systems, which are trying to exercise absolute dominion over man. The revolt against the intellect is directed against all superhuman absolutes that are trying to take the place of life. Therefore it is as much a struggle against the supremacy of orders and organizations, of governmental and local societies, as it is a struggle against the supremacy of science. The life of man is not limited to what can be proved, or expressed, or arranged, or apprehended. He reaches out far beyond all this into the immeasurable. Out of the darkness and unknown he draws the powers that permit him to live, to grow, and to be happy.

The chief objection to the intellect and to materialism is that they have made man's life unhappy. Unhappiness and intellectual dominance are inseparably bound together. So long as the intellect rules, other human powers must remain rudimentary. Unhappiness is an illness that occurs when vital forces remain blocked, repressed, unused, and undeveloped. The real forces of intellectual man remain below the surface, in the unconscious. They ferment in the darkness and try feebly to reach the light, but are unable to emerge.

THE intellect has stunted the growth of the creative physical powers of man. Scarcely anyone knows any more how to become beautiful, how to achieve bodily perfection. It is the intellect's fault if the procreative power remains unknown, if the divine art of making

human beings is no longer understood, if the interchange of electromagnetic physical powers in tenderness, in love play, in union, has been replaced by the silly intellectual sex play of conquest and submission, of so-called surrender, of masochism and sadism, a form of play that often brings a child into the world incidentally and unintentionally. Sexual passion, which used to be thoroughly unmental, the stock in trade, as it were, of the anti-intellectualists, has now become wholly intellectualized. We now have intellectual debauchery and jealousy. Family tragedies are for the most part intellectually counterfeited tragedies.

The example of sexual passion is typical. The intellect always deals with its foes in a most cautious and cunning way. It appears to encourage them and to let them grow strong while it is actually fighting them wildly. It drives them to excess and thus annuls them by separating them from their natural bases.

When the body sought to escape from its mental prison, when the physical and material side of man began to speak its own tongue and to express itself in the form of gymnastics, sport, and dancing, the result was a great feeling of liberation, a movement of astonishing breadth and force. But the intellect was on its guard. It marshaled its resources, and at the intellectual word of command gymnastics promptly degenerated into a shamefaced pursuit of 'a sound mind in a sound body,' sport turned into an intellectual mania for competitions and records, and dancing changed from a naïve love of motion into a hybrid intellectual product mummified in dancing schools and journals and of no further use to the people. The revolt of the body against the intellect was thus quelled, and it will not be able to succeed until man can be brought to follow the path of physical experience, the strong individ-

ual path of physical control and development. The individual cannot take with him along this path any doctrines, beliefs, or theories; he can take only a few natural principles of universal application. Nothing physical can be attained in a mass movement or taught, by mass instruction except through the eternally nonintellectual methods of mass education.

Is it then clear that our spiritual stewards, the churches, cannot participate in the struggle against the intellect so long as they remain bound to intellectual powers and to the state? Is it clear that all the churches' complaints about the materialism of man and the state are wholly futile since they themselves partake of that materialism? Is it clear that real religion, that is, the essentially nonintellectual doctrine of the unity of all organic life and all creation, is forever being crippled in the churches by their striving for worldly and intellectual power? Is it clear that religion, which is a basic sentiment of mankind that cannot be killed, must therefore take refuge in various sects or in the arts, in so far as they have not given themselves over to the intellectual forces, in so far as they are not seeking power or money but are remaining true to creative development?

The revolt against the intellect can to-day be seen most clearly in politics. The anti-intellectual parties have many followers, and anti-materialism is enjoying a great success that seems genuine, but is really artificial. For most of those who are storming against materialism themselves possess a purely materialistic attitude toward brute force and the state. People are against the intellect yet they desire power—not the natural power that radiates from individual men and the developmental forces embodied in them, not the power of example or completeness, but a power justified solely intellectually, not organically, and built on com-

pulsion. People are against the intellect and feel that politics should lead them back to natural human relationships. They sense dimly that blood ties are binding, that the land is stronger than the state, that language is stronger than national boundaries. But they wish to prove blood and race relationships intellectually, they are proud that their universities teach racial subjects, and they wish to maintain or conquer by force of arms the ineradicable forces of patriotism and language.

People realize that intellectual discussion leads nowhere, yet they flock to discussion centres and to parliament and then deprive themselves of any possible benefit by leaving as soon as their opponents begin to speak. People are divided against themselves and believe that they can bind together inner and outer forces—a hopeless intellectual attempt. It is equally hopeless for rational politicians to invoke the intellect against dictators or persuasion against passion. A dictatorship can be justified as well as parliamentarianism, but such justification is of value only to the intellectuals, not to the people.

IN its heart of hearts the people has always been anti-intellectual. At bottom most of the people are skeptical and believing at the same time. They have a basic religious feeling of the unity of all organic life, and they view with suspicion all purposive intellectual creations—science as well as the state, newspapers as well as politicians, schools as well as universities—and their skepticism toward the Church, in so far as it has compromised with worldly powers, is ineradicable.

They have always had some understanding of knowledge but none of science, some understanding of matter but none of materialism, some understanding of the power of the soul, but none of sentimental feeling. They

understand something of the laws of the cosmos, but little of the laws of man. They hold fast to tradition, so long as it is a tradition of natural laws and forces. They know that it is not what man reads that is important, but what he is, what he is able to make of himself as an individual.

This is why the only leaders of the people who have a lasting effect are those who set a personal example. This is why religious leaders can always oust political leaders, why no leader can rule for long against the basic religious feeling of the people, against what we might also call 'organic feeling,' the sense of the unity of all creation. This organic feeling recognizes that the happiness of man depends on the happiness of his fellow man (though this can be neither demonstrated nor proved) and has formulated itself in the two perpetually misunderstood sayings of Christ: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' and 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

The revolt against the intellect always draws its force and its fervor from the people, but not from the masses, for the masses are the people refined and overeducated by the intellect. Schools and universities turn the people into the masses. The people have maintained unaltered two nonintellectual aims: that man shall be complete, and that man shall be happy. And distinguished representatives of the people have always said that completeness and happiness are identical.

The intellect has sought to prove that happiness and completeness can not and should not be attained by man, who should content himself with certain limitations and sacrifices. The inmost meaning of the whole revolt against the intellect, against science, state, and power, is that man ultimately can and shall be happy and complete. The revolution that we are now experiencing

can overcome the revolt against the intellect only by clearly visualizing and admitting the necessity for the development of man's spiritual and physical forces and possibilities. Whoever wishes to be happy can become so only through self-conquest and self-completion. That has already been said many times. What has not been said is that we can not describe the physical and spiritual path of self-completion except to state that it exists and that it must be sought and can be found by every one of us. What has not been said is that the physical, spiritual, and intellectual paths do not exist separately except as empty intellectual abstractions, that all three basic forces of human nature must coexist and operate together in every act, every organic life process. When we speak of a function as being intellectual, spiritual, or physical, that is simply a way of indicating the predominance of one of the three basic forces. Intellectual predominance consists in the domination of the intellectual force in all functions of present-day life to a point where the other forces are threatened with suffocation and where life itself is dimmed in all its functions.

The revolt against the intellect is a revolt of life itself, which wishes to express itself again through all its forces. All other phenomena and effects are incidental, and may either please or annoy us. This revolt will touch, seize, and disturb every man alive to-day. No one can escape it. When it is recognized that this revolt means the awakening of basic forces and a striving for happiness and strength through completeness man will not fight it (that would be senseless), or compromise with it (that would be aimless), but will entrust himself to it. That is the only attitude one can take toward an organic movement that springs from basic forces and will not come to an end until it has achieved its goal.

The centenary of Goethe's death, which falls this month, is celebrated by one of the most widely read critics in France, who harbors no grudges against his neighbors across the River Rhine.

A Frenchman on GOETHE

By EDMOND JALOUX

Translated from *Le Temps*
Paris Semiofficial Daily

VARIOUS ceremonies and expositions will commemorate this year the centenary of the death of Goethe, who passed away, as we know, at Weimar on March 22, 1832. Unquestionably, these ceremonies will exceed in breadth and significance the tribute that might be paid to any man who was only a poet, even though he were one of the greatest poets humanity has ever produced. And they will possess exceptional significance because of what is now happening all over the world. For Johann Wolfgang Goethe is not only the author of *Werther*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *Faust*; he is the very incarnation of a certain Occidental spirit that has played a considerable rôle in the history of the development of all of us. Assuming a right that no one has since dared aspire to, he had the power and the courage to take upon himself all the intellectual responsibilities of our time, and to stand at the crossroads where all the ideas that assail civilized man meet. We find in him unequal layers of classicism and

romanticism. He is partly the mediæval alchemist, partly the modern scholar. He is at once the heir to the Greco-Latin tradition and to the pantheistic, Germanic tradition. He is a courtier brought up in the French style and at the same time a German pedagogue—and a hundred other characters besides. It is impossible to understand how a single individual could have contained so many elements without being condemned to chaos and, in consequence, to madness, as was the case with Gérard de Nerval, Hölderlin, and Nietzsche.

The prodigious thing about Goethe is that he was able to be so many people at once. All these diverse beings include the sum total of that common heritage which is ours. They are different species of a single common type, which is that of our culture, a human type so menaced to-day by new conceptions of life that we are asking ourselves whether its hour has not struck and whether it is not preparing to give way to some creation with an entirely new aspect.

This is what gives such timely and general significance to Goethe's centenary. Our task is no less than the creation or revival of a myth. For Goethe included so many elements that he represented, as Napoleon said, the complete man. And we infuse him with our resistance to a state of affairs that tends to suppress the individual in the name of a moral code that applies to everybody and frowns upon individuality.

It is significant that some of the greatest and most typical of great men lived upon a narrow stretch of soil. Hugo was never more sublime than when he was at Guernesey. Flaubert never wanted to leave Rouen. Mistral refused to abandon Maillane, and Nietzsche went from one small town to another. Nothing is more propitious to concentration than semisolitude: Dickens died at fifty, killed by London, just as Balzac was assassinated at the same age by Paris. Goethe had the wisdom to choose Weimar. He installed himself there at the age of thirty and remained until his death at eighty-three. We get a clear picture to-day of Goethe's life at Weimar because his memories have petrified the city and his effigy has impressed itself there like a fossil. What would Weimar be to us now without the memory of Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Herder, and Liszt? It is hard to tell. The little town has great charm, which may, of course, be largely due to the special arrangement of its houses and gardens, yet the fact that these houses and gardens have so much historic significance adds something unforgettable to them. No part of the world reflects an exemplary biography so clearly. The protection that destiny granted to Goethe extended to the places where he lived. From the house in which he was born in Frankfurt to the house in which he died at Weimar, the pilgrimage is complete. Every-

thing is unrolled before our eyes, and these two dwelling places have certain characteristics in common, because Councilor Goethe, Johann Wolfgang's father, collected pictures and antiques in Frankfurt just as his son was to do later, and he even made a sketch of a combination naturalist's and mineralogist's cabinet that had a singular history.

The house at Weimar, which stands slightly askew, is painted ochre like certain Roman palaces, and its simplicity astonishes us nowadays. It is more a museum than a comfortable, middle-class home. We know that it dates from a period that lacked pomp. Indeed, Goethe was considered most luxurious simply because he used wax rather than tallow candles. But the furniture does not indicate any decorative taste. The real objects of interest are his working tools and those objects that stimulated his intelligence and imagination—skulls of animals, stones, torsos, and antique busts.

Next to his study, which contains a big, round table and some shelves, and which looks like a child's schoolroom, though it is darkened by garden foliage, is the room in which Goethe died. A rope across the doorway prevents us from entering. Nothing in it has been changed since March 22, 1832. The curtains are falling to dust. It is very small and even more simple than the rest of the house. The same counterpane still covers the little bed. A cushion lies in the seat of an armchair that has a footstool in front of it.

It was in this armchair that he died. From the twentieth of March on, he was suffering too much to stay in bed. Terrible pains in his chest drove him from place to place. After a day or two he seemed to be feeling better, and the last morning improvement was apparently increasing. He asked his servant the date, and on hearing the reply remarked, 'Spring has therefore

commenced. I shall get well more rapidly.'

Eighty-three springs were already behind him, but hope springs eternal in the human breast. After indulging that emotion one last time, Goethe fell back into a semidream. What had haunted him all his life came to console him again and to prepare him for the last farewell. He spoke in a low voice of a woman's head. It looked so beautiful against a dark background. The woman had black curls and a wonderful complexion. Was it Charlotte Buff, Frau von Stein, Christiane, Ulrike von Levetzow, or all of them at once? And surely it also included those fugitive, unforgettable characters in *Wilhelm Meister*. After this he pronounced those famous words that are said to be a complete profession of faith, when he simply requested that the day should be let in widely. He also asked for a portfolio of sketches that he thought he saw near at hand, but the portfolio did not exist. He perceived this and decided that he was dreaming, and this last dream went to join all the others that had gone to compose the dream tissue of his long life. At ten o'clock he asked his daughter-in-law to give him her hand. After this he made a few gestures, sketched some incomprehensible designs in the air with his finger, and perhaps drew a few imaginary letters. At noon he died.

One should know all these details and many others when one visits Goethe's house at Weimar. How animated and alive it then becomes. What? Is that armchair still there? And one almost sees the full, radiant, dominating face of the august old man who died a century ago.

GOETHE'S great conquest was the South, that is, the Greco-Latin world. He was predisposed in this direction since birth, having had before his eyes

ever since childhood engravings of the monuments of Rome, engravings that still hang on the stairway of the house in Frankfurt. I don't know what apprehension held him back so long from visiting Italy. Twice he found himself on the threshold of the 'country where the lemon trees flourish.' Twice he halted and retraced his steps. But one should read in Heine's *Reisebilder* that description of the intoxication that seizes a northern traveler when he begins to see the hillsides covered with chestnut trees and breathes the first odors of eternal spring. Goethe did not readily give way to such intoxication. Did he think that he needed maturity to face the terrible light of the South?

He contained within him a mediæval man with alchemistic tendencies—Faust, in short. He felt he had to straighten out that man before he dared to assimilate the world of Greece. In fact, it is likely that these two natures were never completely reconciled. It was in vain that Helen of Troy gave herself to the learned doctor in the second *Faust*, for the son they had together, Euphorion, was not destined to live. What was he really? The modern spirit, holy poetry? He always aimed higher, spanned new spaces, bounded forward like the most wonderful kind of genius. Yet he fell back shattered at his mother's feet like Icarus or Phaëthon. Goethe turned to classicism because he himself suffered from the possession of a naturally romantic spirit. One wonders whether he abandoned himself as a youth to the chaotic excesses of his contemporaries quite as fully as people have said, and as he himself believed, that he did. It is doubtful. He possessed a natural moderation, though he was occasionally given to sudden violence. Even as a young man he seems to us more prudent than impetuous. But he was tormented by a demon that he feared and whose temptations he ex-

aggerated. That demon was insatiable. It kept reappearing throughout Greek thought because, as Goethe clearly saw, only the form of expression was classic in Greece. Behind this form a furious, volcanic world of myth, mystery, and sacrifice was agitating itself.

This wavering equilibrium in Goethe's thought appeared everywhere. He showed as far as he could that he was anti-Christian long before Nietzsche, but in the same sense. He saw in Christianity the glorification of suffering, ugliness, and humility, whereas he revered beautiful, triumphant life. But his philosophy, like that of Christ, ended in renunciation. The last part of *Wilhelm Meister* is called *The Renouncers*. As soon as young Meister finds himself he abdicates and places his destiny in the hands of a secret society that directs him to his own best interests. Action in renunciation, that is the gospel of Weimar. But is n't it curious that Goethe, the voluntary pagan, finally found himself occupying common ground with Buddha and Christ? Must we suppose that there is no other form of wisdom, or rather that whoever thinks is naturally impelled to follow the same spiritual road that always leads to the same end? The possibilities of the human intelligence are not infinite, and the same laws produce more or less the

same reactions, whether the minds in which they produce these reactions existed two thousand years ago or exist to-day.

Goethe's sovereign art was to exalt and develop within himself the numerous characters that dwelt in his soul. *Faust*, even more than *Egmont*, *Tasso*, *Iphigenie*, or *Wilhelm Meister*, represents the tragic conflict in which life continually engages these characters. As the heir to Greco-Latin culture and to the romantic world of the Middle Ages, Goethe appears to us as the very incarnation of Western thought, all the more so since this thought is now menaced, as it was in the early centuries of the Christian epoch, by an Oriental conception destructive to the individual.

Our private European quarrels are petty compared with the coalitions that may be formed to-morrow and that centre about an Oriental mysticism of which we should beware. If this mysticism triumphs it will be assimilated by the Occident and will have to accept the laws of the West, but the process of assimilation may last several centuries, centuries of misery and terror. It would be the part of wisdom to escape this experience and to look slightly beyond the affairs of the moment. That, at any rate, is what Goethe would tell us to-day.

BOOKS ABROAD

DIE GESCHWISTER VON NEAPEL. By Franz Werfel. Vienna and Berlin: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1931.

(Monty Jacobs in the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin)

THREE young men and three young women are the brothers and sisters of Naples. The youngest is a boy of seventeen, the oldest a girl of twenty-eight; in other words, the widower Domenico Pascarella has six grown-up children. In Germany sons and daughters of this age are independent human beings who live their own lives and sometimes look down a trifle condescendingly on their parents. But Pascarella's children are children of Naples. No one who knows this city at all well will be surprised at the family life of the banker, Pascarella. Everything revolves about the father as a centre. The lights may not be lit before he comes home in the evening; his children greet him by kissing his hand; being late to meals is a disgrace and a dishonor; the father manages and regulates everything, forbidding one son to study, another to play games, and his daughters to go walking.

In order that he may exert this authority more effectively, he stays at home, like his children, every evening. 'The world, that is what is outside,' and it is looked upon as the devil himself. The family's only contact with the outside world occurs when they go, once each year, to the glittering red and gold San Carlo Opera House. The rest of the time the group sits around the family table, facing each other, their backs turned to the world. This symbol of the family sitting around the table sets the tone of the entire book. In *Barbara*, Werfel portrayed a whole era; in this book his attention is focused on the narrow circle of a single dwelling, one

family group. But how well this concentration succeeds, how the bodies of these seven mortals round out, how transparent their souls become. One can almost feel the pressure exerted by Father Domenico.

With a narrative power, more highly condensed than ever, Werfel accords father and children equal justice. Without scruples or doubts the father sets himself up as supreme judge, in accordance with the South Italian attitude, which in 1924 still accords him privileges that we Germans lost in the eighteenth century. *Judex ergo cum sedebit*. And the six children? Do they tremble and curse? Not at all. Since paternal law is still legally recognized in modern Naples, the three sons and the three daughters look upon their father's God-given authority reverently, without love yet without anger. The supreme skill of the novel lies in its sixfold delineation of this situation, in its portrayal of the submissive attitude of each of the children. Since the reader is irresistibly drawn into the family atmosphere, he finds that all the Pascarellas' affairs concern him. He quakes with them when they attend a ball without permission; he shares with them the miracle that occurs when a business failure keeps the father at his bank that very night.

Werfel once referred to this book as a folk tale, and he has let the law of folk tales govern his characters. A *deus ex machina* in the form of an enamored Englishman saves the situation when young Grazia is about to kill herself and when Father Domenico must be rescued from prison. The land of Brazil, where the three sons go and whence only two return, is in itself a part of the world of folklore.

Since the empire of the father's

authority is so strongly fortified, Werfel must go to great extremes to cause this empire to crash. The father is 'purified' behind locks and bars, the demon of pride vanishes from his heart, and his attitude toward his home and toward paternal duties and filial rights changes, so that he emerges from prison a citizen of a new era. A melodrama? No, a tale of the end of a dictatorship characterized by true skill and purity of feeling. Whoever entrusts himself to *Die Geschwister von Neapel* reads a book of both yesterday and to-day. He will be absorbed by it, and through becoming, willy-nilly, a member of Pascarella's family group, will experience the miracle of transformation, the miracle of powerful art.

LABOUR'S FUTURE AT STAKE. By Clifford Allen. London: George Allen and Unwin. 1s. 1932.

(H. N. Brailsford in the *New Leader*, London)

THE future of politics in this country is so difficult to read that one cannot afford to neglect any attempt to disentangle it by a man who reasons coolly and knows the facts. Nothing that has happened since Mr. MacDonald broke up the Labor government can wipe out our memory of the great services that Clifford Allen (as we may still call him) rendered to the I. L. P. in happier days, and anything that he has to say deserves attention.

His pamphlet, *Labour's Future at Stake*, is written without bitterness and with the skill in argument that one expects from him. It is a defense of Mr. MacDonald's conduct in last year's crisis, and a plea for reunion under his leadership within some centre party coalition.

Mr. Allen's method of approach is subtly chosen. He analyzes the conduct of the majority of the Labor cabinet, and up to a point succeeds in the criticisms that he directs against their

judgment and strategy in the crisis. The main point is clear enough. The whole cabinet, it seems, believed in the gold standard, was prepared to make heavy sacrifices to maintain it, and did not even contemplate a departure from it until events drove us off it. Willing the end, so runs the argument, it lacked the courage to will the indispensable means.

The links in the chain of necessity led fatally onward. The Bank's dwindling reserves of gold could be filled only by a prompt loan from New York and Paris; their bankers either honestly believed that our misfortunes were due to the 'dole,' or were in any event resolved to use the occasion to enforce that view. We could get a loan only by balancing the budget according to their views, and so restoring the 'confidence' of the financial world. To this end it was necessary to adopt drastic economies, among them the cut in the 'dole.' In short, so long as we adhered to the international gold standard there was no escape, after gold had appreciated by 40 per cent, from a policy of all-round deflation.

There are, I think, two partial answers to this argument. In the first place, the expedient of escaping from onerous and humiliating conditions by offering security for a gold loan was never explored. It is possible that the foreign securities held by British subjects could have been mobilized; either voluntarily or compulsorily, promptly enough to obtain the necessary gold. Of that one cannot be sure; many were depreciated and some unsalable.

Secondly, admitting that the maintenance of the gold standard implied economies and cuts all round, why were contractual incomes spared? The holders of such incomes had benefited through ten years from deflation, and on them the heaviest 'sacrifices' ought to have fallen. One has only to look at what Germany has done to realize the

contrast. She has, indeed, scaled down wages and civil servants' pay. But she has also reduced rents all round, scaled down every form of income drawn from fixed interest, and actually set a limit of £750 to the salaries that companies may pay. Had Lord Snowden proposed anything comparable to this, Clifford Allen's case against the majority of the cabinet would have been stronger than it is. Their own logic, as defenders of the gold standard, may have committed them to economies, but not to the budget that was actually presented to them.

The moral that he might fairly drive home—that these ministers, and indeed the whole Labor Party, had been culpably slow in turning their minds to the problem of currency and credit, and to the stranglehold of the City upon our entire political and industrial life—would hardly help his case. The blindest and the slowest were precisely his hero and his two allies, Lord Snowden and Mr. Thomas.

THE rest of Clifford Allen's historical survey leaves me completely unmoved. He ignores the central fact that after September 21, when the attempt to save the pound broke down, the entire policy that had been devised for that end had become obsolete. The drop in the exchange opened new possibilities. It was now possible to correct the balance of trade, not solely or chiefly by checking imports, but also by expanding exports. The nightmare of this ten years of contraction and deflation might have been ended. We could now disregard gold and might have expanded credit safely up to a point that would bring our resources into full play. It is probable that if we had done this boldly and scientifically, with a plain public explanation of our reasons, we could have carried a great part of the world with us.

Instead of this, the Bank and the Government went on deflating, and are doing it still. We are waiting, it may be said, for international action. We have, in short, resigned any chance of initiative, and are content to submit to the suicidal fallacies of the Great Deflation—at which history will one day shudder as men do when they write of the Black Death—until France loses her egoism and this American Congress learns to think.

The real issue, however, is one that Clifford Allen entirely evades, or dismisses with a sneer at people who talked of a 'bankers' ramp.' That was never my phrase. It is too light-hearted and trivial.

To me, for several years, the problem had seemed to be fundamental. A shift has taken place in the balance of power within the capitalist world from the industrialists to the bankers and the City. They can, and do, by manipulating gold and controlling the volume of credit, bring about a redistribution of the world's income to the advantage of the creditor class that surpasses anything that mankind has ever yet experienced.

Let us concede that the mechanism has got beyond their control, and that the most die-hard of them would hardly have willed the disasters that have overtaken the world. The fact remains that if this mechanism had worked in the opposite direction—inflation—they would long ago have pulled up. The creditor's bias is inevitably toward deflation, and so long as we naïvely leave the control of currency and credit in the hands of professional money-lenders we expose ourselves to these miseries. It was left to Lord Snowden, the honestest man of these two, to reveal the issue clearly when he declared in an outbreak of fury against nationalizing the Bank. Mr. MacDonald is less frank. But will he ever further it?

It may be, as Mr. Allen argues, that the Labor Party played its cards badly. His hero is doubtless the cleverer strategist. The fact remains that Mr. MacDonald ran away from this issue of power and used his position and his talent for the tactical game to serve the ends of this money-lending class, to maintain the swollen value of the medium in which it reckons its tribute, and to translate its effective economic stranglehold into a Parliamentary majority. The Labor Party, with all its mistakes, had the sure instinct to place itself on the right side in the struggle between the workers and the owning class.

If it were necessary to answer at length this plea for reunion, one would have to carry the survey of Mr. MacDonald's record very much farther back than the crisis of last August. Long before that the ruling class had absorbed him, and with him, even more crudely, Lord Snowden and Mr. Thomas. He had lost his former ascendancy over the Party by his vanity, his inability to work with any man who failed to flatter him, his intolerance of independent thinking, his incurable hesitations, his incapacity either to conceive himself, or to borrow from others, any bold constructive policy whatever. He was a poor captain of a team. He had lost all interest in anything so trivial as the fortunes of the British working class; nothing less than an international problem could focus his attention. But about this man the Labor Movement has irrevocably made up its mind.

With much else in the pamphlet one may agree. We need this exhortation to think clearly and talk persuasively. We did not find the right 'tone of voice' in the emotional stress of last year. It is true that millions of voters could be won for a Socialist policy if we ceased to frighten them and cared only to convince them. But no conviction

will lead to action which ignores the fact that there is in the society of to-day a fundamental cleavage of interest between the owning and the working classes.

DOÑA BARBARA. *By Romulo Gallegos. Translated by Robert Malloy. London: Jonathan Cape. 1931. 7s. 6d.*

(R. B. Cunninghame Graham in the *Observer*, London)

THE last ten years have been a time of great literary production throughout South America. Poetry, lives of eminent men, dramas, and in especial novels dealing with national and local subjects have followed one another in such profusion that the period can be compared only with that in France, when, thirty years ago, Maupassant, Zola, Huysmans, Flaubert, and Anatole France were the bright stars of European literature.

Almost at the same time Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski formed a constellation quite as remarkable in Russia. Since then in both countries there has been a period of incubation, and the world waits for what it may bring forth. Now it appears to be the turn of South America. From Mexico to the River Plate each of the republics has given us novels and local studies, which, if they had found English translators, would surely have had a vogue. In Mexico, *Los de Abajo* (*The Under Dogs*) has become almost a classic. In Brazil the works of 'Joaz do Norte' (Gustavo Barrozo) have dealt with the wild life of the Sertão, the upland districts of the states of Bahia, Ceará, and Piauí, telling of a world, wild, brutal, and fanatic, hardly to be believed to-day. The epic story of Antonio Conselheiro, who, only thirty years ago, founded a state of bloodthirsty, hard-riding, straight-shooting, prayerful fanatics that endured three years, and only fell when its adherents were

exterminated, has been marvelously told by Euclides da Cunha. In the Argentine the historic-novel, *La Gloria de Don Ramiro*, by Enrique Larreta, and the works of Hugo Wast, Manuel Galvez, and a host of others, all dealing with the local life of the republic, except the first, which is set in Avila during the Middle Ages, show a degree of talent and a knowledge of their country's life that puts them on a level with the best modern literature, no matter where produced. Their name is legion, and I abstain from cataloguing them only because they honor me by sending me their books, and I should dread to omit the least of them.

For fifty years Spanish America has been in mental thrall to France. At first the influence was good. It helped the writers of the New World to purify their style, to omit unnecessary adjectives, and to throw off some of what in Spanish is called '*empaque*,' that is to say, verbose sententiousness, a relic of an older age. But by degrees the influence of Paris denationalized Spanish Americans. They wrote of *marquises*, *cocottes*, *ménages à trois*, of marvelous princesses with white, jeweled hands, and 'alle the trumporie' that is quite in place upon the boulevards of Montmartre (these were the literary academies of many South Americans of twenty years ago), when they should have written about *gauchos*, *guasos*, *jorochos*, the vast solitudes and mighty forests of their native lands, or about the social life of Mexico, Buenos Aires, Lima, Rio de Janeiro, or the country towns where life has stagnated and curious customs have been preserved.

Romulo Gallegos by his *Doña Barbara* stands in the forefront of those young writers who have sought inspiration in their native land and its wild life. Born, I think, in Carácas, he has chiefly written of Los Llanos, the great Venezuelan plains that sent forth their

hordes of horsemen, centaurs before the Lord, almost as wild as Pampa Indians or Apaches, but without their ferocity, who, under Paez and Bolivar, swept away the well-armed and disciplined forces of Spain, although the latter were commanded by such a general as Morillo (chosen by Wellington himself), and freed their country from the yoke of Spain. The setting that Gallegos chose for his epic, for it is nothing less, is an enormous plain, bounded on one side by the Orinoco and on the other by the Andes. Through it run rivers that in Europe would be immense: the Apure, the Arauca, and the Meta. Nine hundred miles of plain stretch right up to the frontiers of Brazil. The landscape is for the most part flat, its only features being the clumps of feathery moriche palms known locally as *matas*. *La Mata del Tigre*, *La Mata de San Juan*, *La Mata del Miedo*, and *La Mata del Burro Muerto*—each of them has its own homely name, and, though they all look alike to the European, they are distinguishable to the Llanero on the darkest night.

Upon these solitudes wander great herds of cattle, troops of half-wild horses, and innumerable bands of deer. Water courses known as *caños* intersect them, their water far more dangerous than the land, the haunts of alligators, fierce and gigantic, of electric eels whose shock numbs your swimming horse, causing him to sink. The shallows are infested by a kind of great stinging ray that has a spike upon its back. Let the strongest herdsman, broken to hardships from his youth, tread upon it, and he will weep like a child and call upon his friends to shoot him and end his misery. The wound may last two or three months before it heals. Yet the water holds a foe deadlier to men and animals than any of the foregoing pests, the dread *caribe*, the deadly little fish which, if the swimmer has a cut upon him, smell blood, collect

in shoals, and in an incredibly short time almost devour the victim.

Jaguars (called tigers all over South America) haunt the beds of reeds upon the margin of the streams. With one blow of their paw they kill a horse, in a few minutes lay a bullock dead upon the ground and drag his carcass two or three hundred yards toward their lairs.

On the tall hardwood trees upon the river banks, millions of egrets, homing at sunset, cluster like masses of new-fallen snow.

Hérons and ibises, flamingoes, cranes, and every kind of stilt-legged bird fish in the shallows of the streams, while huge black waterfowl in regiments, platoons, and squadrons—for they all appear to fly as if drilled—sometimes pass for half an hour continuously, like figures in a cinematograph, and as noiselessly.

Parrots infest the woods, screaming and chattering, and round the *matas* soar flights of macaws, like party-colored hawks.

Green snakes hang from the trees, and boas lurk in the recesses of the swamps. At nighttime vampire bats float as imperceptibly as thistledown through the still air, seeking for some animal on which to alight and gorge themselves with blood. The twittering of every kind of insect always fills the air during the daytime, but toward evening the terrifying concert of the mosquitoes overpowers all the smaller of the performers—shrill, not unmusical, but sleep-banishing. Upon the ocean—for it is more like an ocean in certain states of atmosphere, or when the wind sets the tall grass stirring like waves, than a mere plain—the mirage mocks during the heated hours of noon. But if the aspect of the plains is menacing and hostile to mankind—for you divine that malaria lurks in every pool—it is blotted out by sunsets hardly to be equaled in the world. Mauve, black, and deepest scarlet, orange and violet,

the colors melt into one another in a way no spectroscope could ever equal. They meet and separate, meet again and coruscate, form cubist patterns, break into streaks as vivid as the northern lights, then gradually fade as the sun sinks in a ball of fire, and night descending, starlit and wonderful, wraps all the plain in mystery.

AGAINST such a background Romulo Gallegos has set his stage. His puppets come from a repertory theatre unknown in Europe, whose actors, closer to nature than ourselves, violent and bloody, their passions unrestrained, love like tigers, slay when they hate without compunction, yet from the nature of their Indian blood are cunning, crafty, and secretive, and never strike till they are sure to kill. This wild society, this tremendous landscape, the sense of power that comes to everyone the instant that he mounts his horse and dominates the plain—there is a Llanero rhyme, 'When I get on my horse, and gird on my machete, I envy no one, no, not the President'—have a strange attraction, even for the most civilized of men. Gallegos has taken for his theme the mental struggle of a young Llanero, Santos Luzardo, of good family, who at seventeen, when he had learned to lasso and to ride wild horses, was sent to college in Carácas. Afterward he comes back to the plains, full of ideas that he has learned among men living a sheltered life. He will fence up his lands, put down cattle-stealing, see to it that murderers are punished, pay his men regularly, in money, not in goods—in fact, abolish what is known as 'peonage.'

From the start he finds himself opposed by a mysterious force, that of Doña Barbara, a woman masculine as regards riding, lassoing, and cattle work, but very feminine in regard to

men. This lady, believed by the wild herdsmen to be a witch, has taken more than half of his property, has branded his cattle, and reigns supreme as the *cacica*, that is, chieftainess of the Arauca plains. He tries diplomacy, attempts to educate his men to his ideas, but converts only one man—one of his own peons, Antonio Sandoval. The rest assure him that he will have to adopt Llanero ways and kill his enemies. They steal his cattle, intrigue against him, make his position quite untenable. At last the Llanero blood gets uppermost, and he sees red, rides about armed, kills one of his chief enemies, and wins the respect of everyone. His rival, Doña Barbara, falls in love with him, thinking he is a man after her own heart. He rejects her suit, and falls in love with her daughter, whom she has turned out of her house. That is the simple story, told with a wealth of detail, interspersed with local lore, pithy sayings of the herdsmen, and tags of rhymes known as *corridos* which they sing to the accompaniment of a very small guitar and a rattle made of a gourd filled with dried seeds.

Gallegos has a power of description approaching genius. The passage of the *bongo*, a large dug-out canoe, up the Arauca in the silence of the vast plains; the shimmering heat; the mirage; the crocodiles that bask like logs in every shallow of the sand; the fish that spring into the air and fall back with a resounding splash that sounds as loud as a shell bursting in the still air of the desert; the tall white birds, silently fishing on the banks—all is described as by one who feels the life he writes about and knows it to the core. He has the gift, not vouchsafed to everyone, of making his worst characters half sympathetic, bringing out in them that streak of humanity that few are born without. Thus Doña Barbara is an attractive figure, unscrupulous, careless of human life, crafty and dangerous,

but still a woman any man with red blood in his veins could love.

'Danger,' the American adventurer, cattle-rustler, assassin, licentious, a great drinker, and still not quite repugnant, is wonderfully observed. *Experto crede*, your poor reviewer has known many of him.

The translation is quite adequate and must have cost the writer many of those headaches, vigils, and qualms of stomach Cervantes speaks of in his inimitable comparison of 'Arms and Letters.'

The book takes the British reader into a new world, a world of hard-riding, straight-shooting men whose motto is 'Bread, bread, and wine, wine.'

LE BOURGEOIS ET L'AMOUR. By Emmanuel Berl. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1931.

(Georges Dupeyron in Europe, Paris)

IN THIS book Berl has studied the bourgeois in his reactions to love. According to Berl's definition, the bourgeois is a man with money who wants consideration, and he is necessarily terrified by love, at least by the passion of love, by the anarchy that seizes him when he gives way to affectionate or sexual impulses and that tears him loose from all the regular forms of the society that he has constructed, the society that he helps to consolidate with all the strength of his police force, his morality, his culture, and his banks. Love as a passion is therefore outlawed in bourgeois society. In order to remain in accord with his world, the bourgeois is obliged to live in a state of constant war with himself in so far as his passions are concerned. He must constantly lie to himself, for the true bourgeois man or woman generally marries in accordance with a well-defined code that accentuates, not affection, but conven-

tion. Moreover, it is clear that both the man and the woman, especially the woman, do everything they can to persuade themselves that these values are purely sentimental. This is why the daughter of a high official believes quite sincerely that she cannot marry, or, therefore, in accordance with her code, love, any man who is not of the same social rank as she. Henry Bordeaux is the best painter we have of these characters when they are reduced to zero, characters who believe they are alive only because their epidermis is sensitive.

Of course, the bourgeois has faint desires for complete love, for an affection that rises superior to everything and thanks to which he can realize himself, be himself, be somebody. But barriers keep stopping him, barriers of convention and conformity. If he married the little shopgirl whom he has seduced or if the bourgeois woman united herself socially to some poor intellectual or artist who is pleasing to her, the end of the bourgeois order would be at hand. Better live in lies, hypocrisy, or a complete sentimental vacuum, especially if there are children, than defy an opinion that one has helped to create. The conjugal drama between Tolstoi and his wife, who was a real bourgeois, arose in part from the fact that Madame Tolstoi could not admit the existence of a real nobility, a real intellectual or moral superiority, outside and beyond the regular forms, which included the Imperial Court, distinguished gentlemen and diplomats, the idealism of the salon, the philanthropy of big bankers and great ladies, in short, everything that was not 'obscure,' as that great Christian lady ingenuously remarked.

In my opinion Bér's mistake, which gives those who disagree with him an advantageous position, is that he did not add to his definition of the bourgeois these simple words: the bour-

geois is above everything else one who lives on habit. He has no reflexes of his own. He does not discuss those things which official instruction and family education have inculcated in him since boyhood. Life interests him only in so far as it is conventional. From the point of view of political or literary ideas, he has a wild fear of novelty, not because it is new but because novelty is the work of demons who have not consecrated themselves to tradition; and when he is in love he is afraid of being looked at askance if he yields to impulses that might disqualify him in the eyes of those who 'think right.'

It is therefore easy to see—and Bér brings forward plenty of supporting evidence—that, in a world saturated with bourgeois ideals like ours, love is forced to operate outside matrimony. Bourgeois love functions only in the form of adultery or in houses of prostitution. The little flame of sincerity that still burns in hearts that have been castrated by conformity and the collapse of all idealism glows only when it is sheltered by a little bit of poetic, libertine sentimentality that paradoxically saves the soul. The 'thoroughly Parisian, thoroughly French' boulevard comedies illustrate this truth. In sympathizing passionately with the lover and his mistress whom they see on the stage, the bourgeois man and wife are behaving lamentably, but they are having their little interior revolution. They are applauding the revenge of truth upon convention, he in his dinner jacket, she in her evening gown. But they will never know the sentimental heights. They will never bathe in an atmosphere of concrete sincerity for the good reason that they are no longer living in reality, least of all in amorous reality. Slaves to their habits and methods, bourgeois men go from wife to mistress. Physical pleasure they do get, but what else? Who will deliver them from themselves? Adultery

is beginning to lose all its spice now that divorce is growing so common. Who will have pity on them in their sentimental misery, in their degrading, melancholy eroticism? The march of events is unquestionably working in their favor every day, although they are not aware of it, and Berl is joyously putting his shoulder to the wheel. The scourge of his satiric whip is one more stimulus hustling the bourgeois on toward the necessary liberating catastrophe. Let us thank him for it.

GEBOTE DES LEBENS. By Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Leipzig and Vienna: Paneuropa Verlag. 1932.

(Kurt Sonnenfeld in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

SOPHISTICATED, worldly women; attractive, correct men. They talk about first nights and books, about sport and travel, then comes a little social persiflage, then they amuse themselves and flirt. Have n't we unconsciously identified the words 'ladies' and 'gentlemen' with some such banal atmosphere of luxury? Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi has a very different definition, which he expounds with intelligence and conscientiousness in his latest book. His ideal gentleman is closely related to Nietzsche's aristocrat. 'The ideal gentleman of all times and races,' says Coudenhove, 'is truthful and honorable, selfless and controlled, large-spirited and magnanimous, brave and gentle. When honor and interest come in conflict he automatically chooses the honorable path. He would rather act handsomely than cleverly.'

The historic development of the gentleman is summarized in this phrase: 'The aristocrat is the ancestor of the gentleman.' Does Coudenhove, a member of one of the oldest noble families in Europe, seek for his ideal gentleman among the nobly born? The originator of the Pan-Europa movement, a man

of passionate and relentless ability, must not be accused of having fallen into any such error. And for the benefit of those who might believe that his ideal gentleman has a touch of feudalism, Coudenhove is quite specific and demands a 'new aristocracy, not of blood but of worth,' and in his ascetic, terse prose, whose theses and antitheses fall like strokes of a hammer, he writes: 'Past aristocracy was based on quantity—the nobility on the number of ancestors a man had, the plutocracy on the number of millions he had. The aristocracy of the future will be based on quality—on personal value, personal ability, completeness in respect to body, character, and mind. The new aristocracy must regenerate itself from the masses with new qualities and energies in order not to atrophy into a caste and lose its meaning.'

Coudenhove knows that he must define his conception of the gentleman and the aristocrat clearly and exactly in order that people may not think that his actual ideal is the feudal cavalier. For any such misunderstanding, even though it were of a theoretic, abstract nature, might lead to serious practical consequences. Nor must we confuse his ideal with Nietzsche's superman, who represented too much a glorification of militarism, although the martial virtues that Nietzsche placed in his superman were really of a spiritual nature and belonged to a higher sphere than blind, armed force. Coudenhove believes that true equality means equality of opportunity, and that such equality alone is compatible with liberty. He attacks everything tending to make people level and uniform: 'Freedom and equality are irreconcilable.' Not equality, but equal opportunity is Coudenhove's formula for true human freedom, and he demands an equal chance for everybody. As a counterpart to his ideal gentle-

man, Coudenhove defines his ideal lady as follows: 'She shall be the personification of all the feminine virtues, of beauty and motherliness, charm and harmony, grace and modesty, humanity and high-mindedness.' The motherliness of the woman is to correspond to the knightliness of the man.

Coudenhove regards ladies and gentlemen as the highest human types. But though they are closely related they stand at opposite poles. 'Man and woman belong to different worlds. Therefore, the man is a secret to the woman and the woman is a secret to the man. The difference between the sexes is incomparably greater than the difference between races. A European man is more like a Chinese man than he is like a European woman.' Coudenhove also indulges in many psychological aphorisms: 'It is not true that love makes one blind. Love and love alone makes one see clearly. Hate blinds.'

He makes an intelligent and original attempt to represent æsthetics and ethics as two aspects of a single principle, arguing that æsthetics are the principles we learn from the beauty around us and ethics the principles

we learn from the beauty within us. Most pedagogues and professors will disagree with what he has to say, but he opens up many fruitful speculative possibilities.

Coudenhove-Kalergi has dedicated this book of aphorisms, which are the quintessence of his whole personality, to the great actress to whom he is married: 'To Ida Roland-Coudenhove, in affectionate esteem.' This dedication naturally calls attention to his reflections on art and the drama. Although Coudenhove's gentleman bears a certain resemblance to Nietzsche's superman, the author's observations on the drama indicate that Schopenhauer's pessimism had a great influence on him. The following sentence pays homage to Schopenhauer's analysis of tragedy: 'Every drama represents a heroic scene against a pessimistic background, the temporary defeat of the hero being the path to immortality.' Coudenhove's *Gebote des Lebens* is a slender collection of epigrams, which, in spite of their architectonic arrangement, do not fit into any system. But it is a weightier book than many that contain a whole system.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

HOW SCHNITZLER WROTE

THE late Arthur Schnitzler left behind him some notes explaining five different origins of the inspiration that expressed itself in his work. 'A work of art,' he said, 'can arise from an idea, a situation, an observation, a character, a sensation.' He then illustrated how these five sources of inspiration were responsible for five of his own creations whose titles he added in parentheses. '1. The idea: In a bar a group of actors are pretending to be thieves; what if one of them really were a thief? (*Der grüne Kakadu*.) 2. The situation: I meet an old schoolboy friend who is jealous of me, treats me rudely, and finally says, "Don't be so superior." (*Letzte Masken*.) 3. The observation: Dueling is nonsense. (*Freiwild*.) 4. The character: An old man who used to be a poet and has now almost forgotten the fact is lionized by the young. (*Der greise Dichter*.) 5. The feeling: How painful is yearning for the past. (Lyrics and legends.)' Schnitzler then explained that every work of art contains a blend of several elements and that, when an idea or a character lies behind some inspiration, some plan must at once be outlined. Often the secondary *motif* appears first. In one of his works he began with an idea, but the character that illustrated the idea finally overshadowed it. He then gave this detailed account of how he wrote *Der Schleier der Beatrice*:—

'The idea: A girl who is engaged to be married decides to commit suicide with her lover. He dies, but at the last moment she loses courage and flees, forgetting her veil. Since she is expected at home, she has to go back for it, and climbs the stairs to take it from the room where the dead man lies. So far everything is impersonal; the idea is completely empty. A man, a woman, an attempt at suicide, cowardice, anxiety, horror. A short story is started and soon abandoned because the idea does not interest the author.

'The decision to put the idea into a pantomime leads to an examination of plots

and openings that have already been prepared. The veil idea seems to fit, and the pantomime is sketched out. The plot is divided into three acts with more intelligence than intuition. The characters try to become individuals. The lover is a dreamy youth. There are gay friends, both girls and boys, and a servant. The girl is in love, uncertain, nervous, bold, mysterious. Her parents and girl friends rally around her. The man to whom she is engaged becomes a contrasting figure. This pantomime is completed but is laid aside because it lacks flavor, life, and intensity.

'Later a short story entitled *The Dead Keep Silent* contains a situation similar to the one about the veil. A dead lover is deserted by his mistress. Through this story the veil idea acquires new significance. Talking with a friend, the author gets new light on this material. The friend says that he would like to see the veil idea worked out.

'Still another attempt is made, this time to write a costume play dealing with Vienna at the beginning of the nineteenth century. This decision is determined by an inner necessity and by a real connection between the characters and the material, on the one hand, and the time and setting on the other. The lover becomes a discharged and impoverished Austrian officer. The girl is the daughter of an innkeeper. Her fiancé is a Greek banker. The plot begins to stand out more clearly, but it is still merely an idea, an intelligent development of a situation. The characters are not yet real people but only superior dummies that might develop into something more than types if their spirits could be summoned to life by the vitality of the idea.

'One and a half acts of the play have already been written according to this new plan when something happens—one of the dummies seems to have thrown aside its mask in some mysterious way. The intuitive ability of the author—which does not mean artistic power, but simply psychological skill—causes the dummy to come to life, and from this moment on it becomes subject

to the laws of human truth, emerging for what it really is, a Renaissance prince.

'Another attempt to rewrite the play is made, this time as a five-act drama with extensive borrowings from Shakespearean technique. An inner tendency toward simplification and an outer regard for the demands of the modern theatre lead to a more closely knit production. As the play develops more alterations are necessary, and the action is confined to a single night. Other characters begin to come to life. In opposition to the prince, the figure of the poet emerges. The chief character remains uncertain longest, yet from the beginning this character, as an unconscious, elementary, and highly feminine force, tends to become the central one.

'Then from all this manœuvring the following idea arises: the feminine spirit wavers between the man of action and the man of thought and must find these two principles combined in a single person before it can rise to supreme faithfulness. This thought consciously and voluntarily begins to dominate the whole work. But even the character of the woman, in spite of all her superiority and intuition, lacks real life until the author chances to meet a woman who resembles his imaginary character. Then in physiognomy, qualities, gestures, and aspect the character comes more and more to resemble a living individual. The author's understanding of her increases, and finally she develops into a fully rounded character.'

STALIN'S SCHOOL DAYS

FATHER BOGOYAVLENSKI, who used to teach in the religious seminary at Tiflis that Stalin attended as a boy, has told some amusing stories that may or may not be true concerning the behavior of the present Russian dictator when he answered to the name of Djugashvili. The pupils, most of whom were Georgians, cared more about wine and women than about religion and they gave Stalin the nickname of 'the robber.' He was a boy of medium height, thickset, with a large nose and little eyes, at least one of which was usually blackened as a result of his propensity to fist-fighting. On at least one occasion he resorted to

violence defending the religion that he is attacking to-day. It seems that one of the Russian boys had caused great amusement by the following utterance: 'I believe that Jesus fed five thousand people with five loaves of bread but I do not believe that the people got enough to eat. I even believe that Jesus turned water into wine, but I do not believe that anybody could have got tight on that wine.' While the other boys roared with laughter, the youthful Stalin assailed the speaker and beat him so mercilessly that he had to be sent to the hospital. It later transpired that Stalin was acting on the advice of a visiting bishop who had said in his catechism, 'If you hear sacrilegious speech, close the mouth of the blasphemer with your hand.'

Father Bogoyavlenski admits that Stalin 'may have been a good friend' but that he was certainly a bad scholar. In mathematics he always stood at the foot of the class. Asked to do a sum in addition, he said the answer was one thousand. 'Only one thousand?' the teacher inquired. 'Well, then, a million,' the boy replied. On another occasion Stalin was asked by the archbishop to relate the parable of the sower. 'The sower sows—sows—sows—' he said, but could go no further. 'What happens then?' the archbishop inquired, trying to help him. 'Suddenly it begins to rain,' Stalin replied, glaring at his interlocutor. The archbishop answered with a smile, 'My son, I had heard that you were irrigated by the true faith, but it seems to have rained in your head, too.'

FRENCH UNIVERSITIES AND LITERATURE

JULIEN BENDA, author of the widely read *Trabison des clercs* and of an article entitled 'Are Frenchmen Chauvinists?' in our December issue, has returned from a lecture tour through Switzerland, Holland, and England with some significant comparisons between the French attitude toward literature and learning and the same attitude abroad. He finds that, whereas in France writers enjoy great prestige throughout the middle class and university professors are more or less looked down on, the condition is exactly the other way around

abroad. On the basis of first-hand observation M. Benda asserts that outside France the learned man is esteemed because he is an expert, but that the French, having more respect for intuition than for science, prefer the man of letters. He admits that Taine, Bergson, and Renan held professorships, but they are such exceptional cases that they really prove the rule. The average Frenchman believes that 'on no subject is there any other affirmation of value than that provided by personal impressions and the present moment.'

But the foreigner, though he believes in the scientific method, does not understand it any better than the Frenchman. 'The Fribourg bourgeois who honors the local professor of romance languages knows no more about the philological method than the Lille bourgeois who does not honor him.' M. Benda then quotes this aphorism by Malebranche: 'The stupid man and the brilliant wit are equally closed to the truth; but there is always this difference, that the stupid man respects truth and the brilliant wit despises it.' Substitute the word 'naïve' for 'stupid' and you have the difference between the ingenuous foreigner on the one hand and the brilliant Frenchman on the other.

But the French are paying a high price for their brilliance. In other lands, the universities are bulwarks of the middle class; in France, which honors its writers above its professors, the universities are instilling anti-bourgeois ideas into the minds of the young. Although M. Benda does not say so, a state of affairs in which the writer is chiefly concerned with defending the established order is fatal to literary creation and quite probably accounts for the complete sterility of modern France as far as the art of letters is concerned. What M. Benda does say is this: 'The foreign university teacher, being treated as an intellectual leader by the bourgeoisie of his nation, is invincibly forced to believe that that class is not bad, and in his teaching he will support it and its conventions. The French university teacher, on the other hand, does his work without any consideration for the interests of a class that prefers the writer to him and that often sets the writer against him. Perhaps I am confusing cause and

effect and perhaps the reason the bourgeoisie prefers the man of letters is because the French teacher looks down on it. In any case, it is certainly true that the foreign teacher is generally a conformist, whereas in France he is not. The man who is a conformist in France is the writer.'

M. Benda dreads the outcome of this condition because the youth of the country is not being taught to defend the interests of the dominant class.

MEMORIES OF MARX

NEW and cheerful light on the private life of Karl Marx has been shed by the recently published memoirs of Professor Kovalevski, a Russian scholar and politician who lived from 1851 to 1916 and who met the author of *Das Kapital* in London in 1875. His first impression was unfavorable because his host suspected him of Pan-Slavism. Although he presented a letter of introduction from a revolutionist who had saved the life of Marx's son-in-law, Charles Longuet, during the Paris Commune, he said that he was 'treated like a wet poodle, and left the house resolved never to set foot in it again.' But soon afterward Kovalevski encountered Marx in Carlsbad and found him delightful: 'We walked together every morning and evening and violated our diet with the aid of a bottle of Rüdeshimer, of which Marx was especially fond. Out of his regular surroundings, this great man was very polite and even gentle. He could tell stories endlessly, had a great deal of humor, and was always ready to make fun of himself.'

The friendship that began on the Continent continued in London, where Kovalevski often saw both Marx and Engels, although the former kept very much to himself and shrank from contact even with distinguished visitors. 'I often called on him when he was immersed in his work,' says Kovalevski, 'and at such times it was difficult to draw his attention away from what he was doing and get him to discuss some other subject. This did not mean that he had no interest in contemporary politics. On the contrary, he would spend hours reading newspapers, not only the English ones but the entire world press. I once

found him reading *Romanul* and had an opportunity to observe how thoroughly he had mastered the difficult Rumanian language.'

In the second volume of *Das Kapital* Marx had planned to make a special study of economic conditions in Russia and the United States. For this reason he was learning Russian, to the distress of his wife, who would jokingly threaten to withhold from him his favorite dish, a lamb chop, unless he would lay aside his new Russian books. Kovalevski found Mrs. Jenny Marx wholly delightful: 'Seldom does one encounter such hospitality under such reduced circumstances as Marx's wife displayed, and seldom does one meet a woman living in humble surroundings whose bearing and appearance suggest what the French call a *grande dame* to such a degree as Jenny Marx.' Her husband was cheerful in the home circle: 'Even as an old, gray-bearded man Marx loved to greet the New Year by dancing either with his own wife or with one of Engels's lady friends.' Kovalevski closes his memoirs as follows: 'Even after twenty-five years I cherish a delightful recollection of Marx as an estimable teacher who exercised some influence on my own economic labors. I also had the pleasure of coming to know in the person of Marx one of the ethical and intellectual leaders of humanity, a man who can quite rightly be regarded as the most significant force for progress in the public life of his time.'

A WORLD PRESS EXHIBITION

FROM Tiflis, capital of the Georgian Republic of the U. S. S. R., we have received the following communication, which we present exactly as it was originally printed:—

Dear Sir,

The All Nations Press Exhibition has the honor to invite You to take part in our work and to send for the Exhibition some copies, of all your papers magazines, yearbooks, almanachs, calendars etc as well old, as new

ones Also all supplements to those; posters, reclames, prospects etc.

The Exhibition aims to show the historical development of your Press and you shall much oblige us, by sending us its old copies of past years.

Waiting for your favor,
we beg to remain,

THE ALL NATIONS PRESS EXHIBITION.

Here is the full account of the exhibition, likewise written in Georgian English:—

The All Nations Press Exhibition, Tiflis, 1932, is the World wide Press Show with the periodical Press exponents on 181 different languages from 249 countries. (The first International Press Exhibition, Cologne, 1928, had only about 100 languages and 90 countries).

The exhibition's programme is: the Press of all peoples, all times, all countries. The life of the Press, the Press in the life. The Press and the life. History, Technics, Statistics, Mashinery, Illustrations. Graphics of to day. Reclames. Every kind of the Press. The Book.

The Newspaper. Modern Printings. Their development. The Press for the Blind etc, etc.

The Exhibition is the first in the World that posses the list of all World's periodical Press' languages as well as the first maps of the Press' Geography.

The Exhibition is a World's Press Show, not only a World's Show of the Press. The Exhibition shall visite many countries and cities.

The Exhibition invites all Editors, Proprietors and Managers of every kind of the Press, Museums, Archives, Libraries, all Firms, as well as private people to take an active part in our work.

The exponents have no charges.

THE ALL NATIONS PRESS EXHIBITION.

Needless to say, we have accepted with pleasure, and rare old copies of THE LIVING AGE are already on their way toward Hamilton Fish's promised land.

AS OTHERS SEE US

BEAVERBROOK FOR REPUDIATION

LORD BEAVERBROOK, owner of a powerful chain of British newspapers and advocate of Empire free trade, has written a leading editorial in the *Evening Standard* of London calling for outright repudiation of England's war debts to the United States. Since it is just as certain that most Englishmen indorse his opinion as it is that most Americans indorse the 'rider' attached by Congress to the Hoover Moratorium refusing to consider cancellation, we reprint his editorial in full:—

This Government is our Government, elected by our efforts. When I say 'our' I am referring to those who have been advocating the Empire cause during the last two or three years. The National Government was given its great preponderance of votes by us, and not by any Liberals or Socialists. We have a right, then, to make requirements of the Government. We require two things from them, here and now:—

1. There must be more production at home, in order to save the nation from the threat of starvation.

2. There must be no more debt payments to the United States.

We are going to secure that decision because we lent to our European Allies for the prosecution of the War more money than we borrowed from the United States. We have a right to be regarded as an intermediary, whose credit was pledged on behalf of our Allies.

It is not a question now of making plain to the United States our intention to get relief from the payment of those debts. It is a question of making that fact plain to Mr. Baldwin and his associates. In so far as this question of war debts is concerned, Mr. Baldwin is a menacing figure. It was he who involved this country in the catastrophic settlement with America by which we pay them the full amount of the original

debt, whereas France pays us half and Italy a quarter of their original debts. We must see to it that his influence is not used now to prevent our deliverance.

We have every right to disown both the agent of the debt settlement and the act itself. For we are in an extraordinary position. We made a greater effort in the War than any other nation; we spent more money than the rest; we contributed more to the defeat of Germany. Yet what has happened since the peace? The United States has actually cashed in £450,000,000 on its war-debt account. France has a credit balance of £160,000,000 on debt and reparations payments. But Great Britain is £135,000,000 out of pocket! We are the only belligerent nation of those that shared in the triumph of the War which continues to disburse more money than it receives. It is an intolerable situation. It demonstrates how tragically the guardians of our purse have failed in their duty of defending it.

But we have not finished with the dreadful settlement that Mr. Baldwin made with the United States. We have to consider what the position would be if the postponement clauses of the different debt agreements were invoked. We can postpone 18 per cent of our debt payments to the United States for a period of two years. France, on the other hand, can postpone 60 per cent of her annuity for three years. As for France's debt payments to us, we had better realize that France made it quite clear at the time of the settlement that she had not the slightest intention of paying us if Germany did not pay her.

That is the position. It holds no comfort for us. It should serve to fortify the resolution of the British people that the debt situation must be drastically reconsidered. If we make our intentions plain now we will get what we want. Determined men always get what they want, by the mere force of their determination. And, in this case, determination is buttressed by an inextinguishable sense of injustice and a vivid conviction that our national existence is in jeopardy.

We have received only one benefit from the general election. It has given us a Parliament which has the power to create more production in this country and to compel the Government to settle the American debt issue anew, and this time in conjunction with the debts that are due to Britain. It is for us to see to it that Parliament acts. The will of the people is known. It must also be known that the people is resolved that its determination shall be translated into action.

WILL AMERICA SURPASS EUROPE?

TWO years ago Gaston Rageot visited the United States just after the first stock-market crash, and we translated in THE LIVING AGE an article of his describing his impressions of that journey. Now he has just returned from a second visit, which led him to reflect as follows in the columns of *L'Illustration*:—

In an article that I wrote two years ago I said that the problem of future equilibrium for humanity could be formulated in these terms: either America will become Europeanized or Europe will become Americanized.

Europe possesses a long tradition composed of successive civilizations, Greek, Roman, and to-day—we might as well have the courage to say so—French. This uninterrupted humanism, independent of scientific labor and industrial adaptation, represents the highest accomplishment of our species. It is the one inheritance of the centuries. Its domain is essentially moral, which is precisely why it is so priceless and fragile. America, on the other hand, is the daughter of nature and industry. The prodigious things that she has accomplished arise from the exploitation of nature by industry, for, the richer nature is, the more easily industry can develop. We owe technique to the United States just as we owe culture to Europe. And it is quite easy to foresee that the happiest future for humanity would be a civilization in which European humanism would give a direction to American technique.

What is going on now, and which continent will achieve harmony between production and thought? All the evidence goes to show that Europe is wasting its time. The American crisis might have proved a respite in which Europe could have delivered herself temporarily from the threat that was menacing her manners as much as her markets. But this threat had already become too powerful, and we are paying a heavy price for American errors. Misfortunes from abroad are being added to domestic misfortunes. Europe is unquestionably worse off than the United States, and people cannot accomplish anything good when they are unhappy. Not only have we as yet been unable to liquidate the past, but we are compromising our future. Nationalist preoccupations, in the form of tariff wars, are making us still more unable to take advantage of the conditions that are necessary for modern production. With his customary clear-sightedness and authority, Paul Valéry has proclaimed that the forces that made Europe supreme have disappeared or have turned in the opposite direction and are working against this supremacy.

It is therefore possible that the United States, when the crisis is over, will be in a position to borrow more from Europe's past than Europe will be able to borrow from America's present. Previous to the 1929 crash most young people in America favored a new kind of imperialism. They were not content for America simply to remain, the richest and most prosperous country in the world; they wanted it to become the most spiritual force in the universe. For that reason America inclined itself in our direction and tried to find among us the means of beating us at our own game. Is it not possible that this dream of a few elect people is now tending to become an outlet for the whole American soul, which has been led back through its material tribulations to its original moral expressions?

It has often been said in books of first impressions that the United States has none of the charm that comes from old families and traditional manners. But let us not forget that there is no country in the world more courteous or more hospitable. Per-

haps there was a time when American national pride tended to disdain these refinements, but I wonder whether the new generation is not rediscovering it, since youth quickly acquires whatever it wants. Of course, Europe could still make up for the time it has lost during the last two years. But does it want to do so? And how is it possible not to conclude at the moment that a humanized America is as probable, and more immediately possible, than a thoroughly modernized Europe?

THE AMERICAN PARADOX

A LEADING editorial in the London *Times* under the above title expresses amazement that the United States, which used to be the wonder of the world, is now in worse shape than most of Europe:—

It seems incredible that the United States should be among the worst sufferers from the present economic depression, but all the evidence goes to show that, if her condition is not worse than that of many other countries, she has suffered in the fall from her recent prosperity a greater setback than almost any of the nations of the Old World. The natural resources of the country are almost illimitable and the capacity of her people for exploiting them has long been the admiration and envy of other countries, which have sent many missions across the ocean to learn from the Americans the secret of enduring and increasing prosperity. But 1931 has been for the United States, as for the rest of the world, a year of almost unrelieved gloom. The revival of trade, which it was constantly asserted was 'just round the corner,' has obstinately refused to come into sight, and 1932 has brought not new hope but increasing anxiety.

In conclusion, the editorial warns against uncontrolled inflation and high tariffs:—

There is the danger that, unless stringent precautions are taken, 'controlled inflation' may rapidly escape control; and how far adequate precautions are provided will not be known until the [Reconstruction Finance Corporation] Bill has been given its final

shape by Congress. Much also will depend upon the effect the setting up of this machinery will have on the public mind; and it is unfortunate that all executive and legislative efforts to restore confidence seem likely to be weakened by the lack of harmony between the White House and Congress and by the prominence that party political considerations have inevitably assumed in view of the imminent presidential election campaign. And there remains the basic question whether America can recover her prosperity independently of the rest of the world. Her mass production methods depended largely for their effectiveness on the capacity to dispose abroad of the surplus over the internal demand, on an average between eight and ten per cent of the total industrial production. That capacity is now seriously reduced by the impoverishment of her customers and by her own tariff policy, which makes it impossible for them to pay for goods bought in America except by gold, which they no longer possess.

COMMUNISM AT THE GATES

WRITING in the *Revue Mondiale*, a Paris current-affairs semimonthly, Léon Négruzzi asserts that the United States is ripe for Communism. Even in 1929, during a previous visit, he had doubted the permanence of prosperity, and now that he has seen the country in its present depression he is more than ever convinced that the capitalist system cannot endure much longer:—

Nobody seems to believe that Marxism could ever reign in the great American republic, even for a very short time. Yet this possibility exists, and there is a very great likelihood that it will be realized. First, we must not forget that there are ten million unemployed in the United States. This means that thirty million men, women, and children would have nothing to eat if charity were not admirably organized. But these thirty million American workers do not fear death, and they have the clear, justifiable sentiment that they have been 'gypped' by the régime that has been im-

posed upon them. Furthermore, the average American, who is generally the descendant of a European worker or adventurer, does not fear Communism because he does not fear revolution. The Western middle class, with its instinct for order as we know it in Europe, does not exist in the United States. The average American is used to working with his hands, but comfort has already become indispensable to him. At the same time the democratic, capitalistic régime has not protected him from poverty. He has even been obliged to go back and live with his family. For, although there are enough comfortable houses for everybody, their owners have had to sell them in order to keep alive; and, since they cannot be disposed of now, they remain empty.

Under a Communist régime everyone would live in his own house with the maximum of comfort, and comfort is one of the great American dreams that has now begun to collapse. To enjoy comfort the American does not need to seize the houses of the rich, as happened in Russia, because the poor possess exactly the same comforts as the rich. Therefore the average American, except for a very few, very rich men, has nothing to fear from Communism, and the country would be able to pass from one régime to another much more easily than Europe could. Americans used to work for money because money meant power and, consequently, social distinction. People used to want dollars in order to be powerful, but now they want money only to stave off hunger. The dollar has become something to buy food with, not something to make one powerful. This does not prevent the American soul from remaining profoundly economic. Hence the danger of Marxism.

M. Négruzzi prophesies that, if the present depression does not bring forth Communism, the next one will:—

The average American's conviction that the crisis will pass is much more a weakness than a strength. And this conviction is one of the causes that are preventing revolution at the moment. Americans regard the crisis as a normal development. Every ten years they have one, and it is followed by an era of prosperity. Prosperity will come back

and America will again be the most powerful country in the world. That is the narrow point of view of all American politicians, from Borah to Hoover. They have not even considered the fact that although crises may occur at certain periods they are steadily becoming more and more serious and are lasting longer and longer, and that resistance to them is growing more and more weak. At some given moment resistance will no longer be possible, and that will be the end, the end of the régime that engenders more and more profound crises, crises that are beginning for the first time to undermine the very bases of contemporary society. The present crisis may well be the last one, but if it is not the next one certainly will be. One need only visit America to know that. I consider America a country in complete decay, and I believe that Europe is following close on its heels, although resistance is perhaps stronger over here because we are fortified by traditions that cannot be disposed of easily.

MARY WIGMAN ON AMERICA

MARY WIGMAN, the German dancer who has been making a second American tour this winter, has written up her impressions of the United States as follows:—

We were told in school that America was discovered and colonized by Europe. Traces of this process still exist, and they are not always to the advantage of the people over there, who are rightly proud of calling themselves Americans and in whom a last residue of Europe remains like an uncomfortable and hostile foreign body. I have often suspected that we Europeans are too much impressed with ourselves and not sufficiently unprejudiced when we judge Americans. I have often asked myself what attitude I should take toward India or China if I traveled there. I believe that anyone who wants to understand the American people must push Europe a little to one side, must be tolerant and take Americans for what they are. As long as we indulge in useless, unreal comparisons we shall never be able to judge the country or its people fairly.

With somewhat disillusioned enthusiasm I tried to discover the beauty of America. Riding endlessly in trains and automobiles, I kept lying in wait for it, and, like every European, I was at first disgusted by the monotonous stretches of advertising signs that line the highways and railroads almost without a break.

But behind these signboards the real landscape lies concealed. It does not push itself forward. It waits until one meets an open view that is enough to drive one crazy, for it seems as if everything had been arranged to prevent one from seeing the landscape. What with asphalt roads, black factories, ugly streets through cities and villages, one is almost overwhelmed by ugly details and never sees what is most important.

Then suddenly it appears. The train is roaring along the seacoast and the landscape flies past. There are wide bays with the open sea beyond. One's eye vainly seeks to fix these forms as they rush by, but the landscape refuses to become coördinated and make itself into a picture. I felt as if I were going blind when suddenly the curtain was raised, and I saw immeasurable distances, boundless expanses, untouched solitude, infinite space. The landscape came to life and its tremendous rhythm penetrated me. A great joy welled up within me like a mighty song. Bay after bay rolled past and my wandering gaze strayed everywhere, no longer encountering any resistance in its gigantic sweep.

What happened was that my vision had been transformed. I had learned to let my eyes wander and was using them as I am accustomed to do when I watch dance movements. It is the kind of gaze that does not take in pictorial details but follows the process of a whole movement, assimilating it and being carried away by its rhythm. At once I realized that this was the America I had longed for and desired. Starting at this point, one can begin to live in a positive sense. First the eye must be transformed from its habit of looking at a still European landscape. One must become accustomed to letting one's gaze wander all over the country, which in my case led me to see its people. At this moment I learned to love the America that lies behind the over strenuous

life of the cities, with their insanely large buildings and the crazy tempo of their tremendous traffic, behind the fantastic extent of the factories, behind the exalted intensity of the people's lives. Behind the people's knowledge of their own power and self-mastery stands the land, silent and tremendous, resting on itself and waiting, tolerating and enduring what the man of the moment has created.

Against this background the skyscrapers no longer look like stage property, and their huge dimensions become coördinated with a mass that is in proportion to them. For they grow out of the vast rivers that flow through the country, out of the endless plains that express trains traverse, out of valleys and mountains of gigantic size. The size of the Ford factory, with its parking place for ten thousand automobiles, no longer troubles one, and, when the hundred thousand electric lights on the Chicago boulevards are shining at night, one's eye wanders happy and contented over a well-organized, fairylike domain extending for miles. It all seems as if the works of man were trying to establish a counterweight to the extensive forces of nature. It is as if man wanted to establish a harmonious relationship with the measureless expanse of the country, to which he feels he is bound and from which his best strength comes.

People say that New York is not America, and they are certainly correct. Nevertheless, it is a kind of symbol of the country. If mechanization, standardization, and rationalization mean a higher standard of living and more luxury products, if technical inventions have covered the face of reality, if America as a whole has attained what the picture of New York symbolizes, then there is a real future for this 'New World' which no pessimism can darken. The purposeful activity of the American people symbolizes their strength. Their inexhaustible vital energies express themselves in the rhythm of creation and fulfill themselves in the rhythm of developing their own sense of life. Perhaps the road is a long one. Perhaps it will lead for a period through doubts and despair. But New York rises out of the sea like a signal of flame announcing what the American man has to promise the future.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. ROBERT J. CALDWELL, a New York manufacturer and banker who has long been active in many practical forms of international endeavor, has written us a letter inspired by 'The Changing Value of Man' by C. N. Edge in our January issue. Mr. Caldwell urges unemployment and old-age insurance paid for by industry and suggests that the war debts are one of the chief causes of America's distress:—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—

May I compliment you on including in your January number 'The Changing Value of Man' by Mr. C. N. Edge? Certainly the question discussed by Mr. Edge is puzzling a great many thinking people.

Of one thing I am sure, and that is that the hand of progress cannot be turned back. It is a matter of first moment that a machine can be substituted for the labor of two hundred men, as it is stated is sometimes the case. Nevertheless, provided the saving in cost from the adoption of such a machine is fairly divided between the worker, in high wages; the public, in low prices; and the employer, it spells progress, and it is to the advantage of all, for it is not reasonable to expect that anyone will deliberately overlook such an opportunity to reduce the costs of manufacture, nor can he safely do so, for he would lose out to his more enterprising competitor.

To deny industry the benefit of such improved processes would be the equivalent of advocating the return to wooden ploughs and mule power in place of the modern locomotive, to rowboats in place of modern ocean liners. It is unthinkable and therefore may as well be abandoned at once.

On the other hand, when labor-saving devices are adopted on the large scale incident to modern industry, it certainly raises acute problems, but that the process must go forward is self-evident, for only those equipped on a par with their competitors can survive. The problem is not new; it has only assumed greater proportions. When the hand looms used in home industry were displaced by power looms, and when they in turn were displaced by automatic looms, we had the same problem, but not on so large a scale.

The solution must be found in looking forward and not back. That it may result in fewer, larger manufacturers is entirely possible. That

lowered costs, if fairly extended to the public, will broaden markets, as low prices always do,—creating demand as Ford has done with his low-priced car, creating markets that potentially are all about us all the time,—and that these broadened markets will make possible an increase in production that will absorb some of the unemployed created by the adoption of labor-saving machinery is undoubtedly true, for Ford, who practised his methods when he employed one hundred men, has grown to employ more, and not less, as his present force of some 120,000 testifies.

But it is apparent that the process does not always work quickly enough to absorb the unemployed as fast as they are created. My own solution, so far as I can see at present, lies in unemployment and old-age insurance, which industry must carry, and which is not so great a burden as many suppose; but, whatever it is, industry must assume it, for where else is it to be placed? Industry was made for men, and not men for industry. Industry will not be tolerated in the form of a Juggernaut riding ruthlessly over those it knocks down. In the mad race of competition human rights are overlooked. This, in my judgment, can be remedied by the substitution of regulated coöperation for competition.

If coöperation is good for the railroads and for the farmers, as the government holds, and which I believe is true, then it is good for industry. Why not? The old fetish that competition is the life of trade has long ago been exploded. The only trade it is good for is the undertakers' trade.

The first step needed is to bring the operation of the Sherman and Clayton Acts under the administration of the Federal Trade Board, so that production may be regulated in proportion to consumption. If it is good doctrine, as the Farm Board preaches, for farmers to operate eighty acres at a profit rather than one hundred acres at a loss, it is equally good doctrine for industry.

But the lasting solution of the whole business is a national economic council, whereby the trade associations or other organizations, composing all branches of endeavor, would select their most prominent members, in whom they repose the greatest confidence, to constitute members of a national body, who would know whereof they spoke and could arrive at once at a ripened judgment in their respective fields. They could do this from home through a secretariat at Washington, meeting at Washington occasionally when necessary, which would be

practical for busy people, whereas they could not give the time to sit in Washington for long periods as Congress does. On the other hand, Congress might not have to sit in Washington so long if it had a national economic council to advise it, so that Congress could act quickly and with assurance that it was acting on the best advice obtainable. As it is now, farmers in Congress decide on finance and financiers in Congress (if there are any) decide on farm questions. A greater farce it is difficult to conceive.

Every civilized nation has adopted an economic council since the War except this one, from which it might appear that we are not so progressive as we like to think we are. Mussolini has compared the Italian Economic Council with the General Staff of the Italian Army. France has made excellent use of her Economic Council. Certainly it is difficult to see how anything very damaging could result from the substitution in Washington of intelligence for ignorance.

Until such time as our most skillful thinkers can devise means for enabling the hungry and naked to absorb the surpluses of wheat and cotton and wool with which the world abounds, our present haphazard maladjustment of economic forces is sadly in need of repairs.

The latest statement of the Federal Reserve Bank shows that this country's income is reduced to the extent of \$22,000,000,000 for the last year. Certainly many believe this is largely due to our effort to collect \$240,000,000 of government debts from Europe. It might be observed in passing that \$22,000,000,000 is a large price to pay for collecting \$240,000,000.

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT J. CALDWELL

Mr. Charles Vezin, of Old Lyme, Connecticut, is also inspired by Mr. Edge's article to write us this stimulating letter of disagreement:—

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT

TO THE EDITOR:—

I thank you for calling my attention to Mr. C. N. Edge's article in your January issue.

I envy Mr. Edge his obvious culture, style, and clarity of expression. However, I am convinced that his doctrine rests on a fallacy.

Mr. Edge's quarrel is with the machine—'the machine age.' His plan is to create *production* barriers. If civilization would only remove *trade* barriers there would be no call for production barriers. Germany lost the War through lack of coordination between her quick-moving and less mobile units. She had the War practi-

cally won after the first six months. Her plan of campaign rested on quick action, for her chances of victory waned as it became a war of attrition. Her infantry, cavalry, and light artillery got out of touch with her own indispensable heavy artillery, and that was Foch's opportunity.

Our production has lost touch with our supporting heavy artillery of distribution and transportation. Our means of transportation *should* be adequate. As a matter of fact a great proportion of the world's rolling stock and ships lies idle, which would appear to refute my contention. The reason they lie idle is not that there is no use for them but that they cannot be operated except at a loss. One cannot operate a hotel, a ship, or a railroad at a profit without labor. And next to *no* labor comes labor at a prohibitive price. The lemon growers of California gave away their fruit because they could not sell it. The reason they could not sell it was that it cost too much to pick and ship. Since then the same thing has happened to the peach growers of Georgia and the potato farmers of Massachusetts.

Take a 'varsity eight'—it is desirable to have the stroke the best oarsman on the crew. But if he is too strong compared to the other seven and fails to allow for this difference that crew will lose the race by collapse.

Wanted—an armistice. Sound thinkers like Nicholas Murray Butler and Walter Lippmann tell us that the War is not over. We have stopped killing our enemies with bullets and poison gas but have substituted the more cruel method of slow starvation. And not content with that we are treating our allies the same. And here comes the ghastly cruelty or imbecility: we condemn each other to slow starvation at a banquet table where each diner sits with a plate heaped high with food in front of him just out of reach of his mouth and with his hands tied behind his back—tied with every conceivable trade barrier and embargo. We increased the tariff against Argentine beef, and so Argentina cannot pay for our automobiles or harvesters with her produce, but must pay us with gold. And *then* she 'protects' herself by prohibiting the export of gold in any form. We produce three times as many shoes in this country as we can wear out—*apparently* this is overproduction. But we could readily dispose of every pair if we would accept in payment Argentine beef, German nitrates, Turkish figs, and Danish butter, but when this sound economic system begins to function we stop it by a prohibitive tariff. Now I am not speaking as a 'free-trader.' I voted for every Republican president beginning with Garfield, the only exception being three times for Grover Cleveland, and that was not on the tariff issue.

At the time of the passage of the Payne-

Aldrich Tariff Bill I spent much time in Washington helping to frame one of the schedules. When I found that all the legislators were 'playing politics' I said: 'Are these questions not decided by the standard of justice and the common good?' I received the answer: 'In war-time a bit of red blood comes to the surface—but now we're all trying to hold our jobs.' That is one of the troubles to-day. The labor leaders are afraid of losing their jobs if they make concessions to correspond to the demands of the situation. Congress voted for the treasonable veterans' bonus for fear of losing its job. Ramsay MacDonald almost lost his job, and was expelled from the Labor Party for doing what was best for labor. The French statesmen block every move at reconstruction for fear of losing their jobs.

Just now I am waiting with bated breath to see what will happen on the Pacific. It looks as if a war with Japan could be avoided only by our pocketing our pride. As to our trusting to the backing of England and other nations, we had better not rely on that. Our danger is that these will 'coöperate' with us in sending 'protests,' 'notes,' and so forth, and, if it should come to war, let us do the fighting.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES VEZIN

The news that THE LIVING AGE will not be subject to the recent tariff imposed in Canada on certain American magazines brings us this irreverent comment:—

NORTH BAY, CANADA

TO THE EDITOR:—

Naturally and of course there is no duty placed on good magazines. However, on the horrible trash that has been coming to us from the Land of the Free, I would place a duty of \$1000 per ounce.

Cheerio and the best of luck,

THOMAS HALL

A British subscriber in Barbados who could not quite make up his mind to be without THE LIVING AGE writes as follows:—

BARBADOS, B. W. I.

TO THE EDITOR:—

I admit frankly I should have missed THE LIVING AGE. I have had it for years in Fiji, London, and now the West Indies and I admire

the way in which you present both sides of world politics.

You are American and I am English but you are always so fair and strike no discordant note. So carry on the good work—for it is a good work—and be sure of my lasting support.

Some day speak of the islands I know best,—the South Seas,—the importance of the Pacific in the future, and the coming clash of color.

Here's wishing you many more subscribers,

Yours sincerely,

GEOFFREY W. A. NORTON

It is always encouraging to receive commendation from a fellow publisher and editor, but our readers will be more interested in his suggestions than his praise. The author is president of the Williams and Wilkins Company of Baltimore, publishers of scientific books and periodicals.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

TO THE EDITOR:—

THE LIVING AGE is the most satisfying periodical that I read. While I have not been heretofore a regular subscriber, I have read it pretty regularly for more than a year, and find that it is very stimulating and broadening as well as informative. It enables one to see the problems of the world from the other man's viewpoint; we are led astray so often by our own perspectives.

Whether the economic problems of the world are going to be solved capitalistically it is difficult to say. To me it would seem practical, therefore a simpler method than the revolutionary method of Communism. There is no question but that the problem is before us. There does not seem to be any definite effort being made to solve it, the illness has not been diagnosed, only palliative expedients have been applied by the politicians to alleviate the pain without making a cure. We are not living in an age of miracles, but in an age of scientific research and planning, which to me is the proper approach to make in order to determine where to go and how to get there. All of this is simply to suggest that an occasional article in THE LIVING AGE on the subject of solving the problem capitalistically—what is the objective and how can it be reached?—might broaden the influence of your publication.

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD B. PASSANO

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

Birth Strike which proves that the population of Germany will sink by twenty millions within the next fifty years. Both men call attention to a fundamental characteristic of the modern age that is bound to have a decisive effect on the future history of the race, if only because all the capitalist countries are declining in numbers, while Russia is increasing, along with China, India, and Japan, three nations that are more likely than any Western state to follow the Russian example.

THE fact that we are printing a hitherto unpublished story by the late Arthur Schnitzler speaks for itself. All we can say here is that it was supposed to have been written at about the turn of the century. May we also call attention to a note on Schnitzler in our 'Letters and the Arts' department telling in his own words how he composed one of the plays that won him an international reputation?

TRUE to its principle of printing only anonymous contributions, the *Times Literary Supplement* devoted its leading essay that appeared just one hundred years after Lewis Carroll was born to a penetrating interpretation of a man whose genius was of so high an order that it speaks for itself more eloquently than anyone can speak in its behalf. Yet here is a highly successful attempt to 'place' the immortal Alice, not only as a literary creation, but as an essentially Victorian phenomenon. To at least one reader, some passages in this admirable essay evoked memories of childhood so poignant as almost to bring tears to the eyes.

THE late Dr. Le Bon's last words, written at the age of ninety and corrected by the author the very morning of the day he died, rank with Frédéric Paulhan's 'Pru-

dence in Pessimism,' which brought us more requests for sample copies than any other article that we printed in 1931. Dr. Le Bon, like M. Paulhan, was a writer on psychological subjects, but he was also a doctor of medicine and a scientist of the first water. His books included *The Psychology of Socialism*, *The Psychology of Education*, *The Psychology of Crowds*, and *The Psychological Laws of the Evolution of Peoples*. Here is a distillation of the French spirit at its best.

IF Dr. Le Bon represents the quintessence of French intelligence and if Lewis Carroll represents the quintessence of English humor, Walther von Hollander is just as characteristic of the genius that is peculiar to Germany. Especially in recent years, the Germans have revolted against intellectualism and gone in for a variety of naturalistic cults, including nudism, Keyserling's School of Wisdom, National Socialism, and religious revivalism. Herr von Hollander's essay is not so much a justification as an exposition of a state of mind that dominates the majority of present-day Germans, consciously or unconsciously. He has certain obvious similarities to D. H. Lawrence, but the German revolt against the intellect is a revolt against a cult that was never native to the country, whereas Lawrence, in attacking British common sense, was fighting a hopeless battle.

TO show that understanding is still possible between France and Germany, we offer a translation of an appreciation of Goethe, who died one hundred years ago, by Edward Jaloux, chief reviewer on both *Le Temps* and *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. M. Jaloux represents Goethe as the very antithesis of the mystical tradition that Herr von Hollander glorifies and uses him as a text for an anti-Communist sermon. He does this not because the paper for which he is writing is anti-Russian, but because in France, as in all of Europe, politics are not divorced from intellectual matters.

WAR AND PEACE

IF the argument that great economy could be effected by disarming at this time of depression does not move France, we hope she can be made to realize that failure of the conference would be disastrous for the rest of the world. The French people should realize that it is the arms manufacturers who exploit their nationalism, their pride in military strength, and their mistrust of Germany.

If the Hitlerites come into power before the conference closes, all other nations represented at Geneva might appeal to the German Nationalists to cease what the French apparently regard as anti-French demonstrations and make a friendly gesture that would inspire French confidence in Germany's peaceful intentions.—*Dr. Mary E. Woolley, American delegate to the Disarmament Conference.*

No Cabinet in France would stay in office twenty-four hours after a decision to disarm, even moderately. Unfortunately, too, the French press is falling more and more into the hands of big industry, which favors armaments. The French people in their vast majority are dead against disarmament. Premier Laval means well but he cannot defy French public opinion.—*Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, former Foreign Minister of Germany.*

The nations must disarm all together or perish all together. Only disarmament will permit a vast public-works programme and enable Europe to surmount the economic crisis.—*Édouard Daladier, former leader of the French Radical Socialist Party.*

We Germans are mere spectators of these dramatic events, in which only one figure plays a comic rôle—the League of Nations.—*'Berliner Börsen-Zeitung,' Berlin Nationalist daily.*

Without Manchuria, Japan would starve to death in no distant day.—*Kinnosuke Adachi, Japanese journalist.*

Now is the time for all the governments of China and all the armies to defend the national honor and the very existence of the Chinese people. We must prepare to fight and make sacrifices rather than yield to the Japanese, who have destroyed the peace of the world. I have been with you through thick and thin. I am still willing to fight side by side with you all.—*Marshal Chiang, Chinese Commander.*

We hear the mutterings of disturbance in different parts of the universe, and we see the symptoms that give rise to sinister forebodings. And for these reasons, for the physical and also for the moral support of the world, it would be foolish to abolish, or even to weaken still further, that index of national security which we all understand and which is embodied in the maintenance of the imperial forces of the Crown.—*Marquess of Londonderry, British Air Secretary.*

The imperialist war has already broken out in the Far East. It is impossible to regard what is now happening there except as a real war, and the situation is further complicated by capitalist rivalries in China, where the conflict of interests between the United States and Japan is especially noticeable.—*V. Kyrrov, member of the Russian Politbureau.*

At any moment burning Shanghai might fire the powder barrel of this world gone mad. Don't underestimate the formal and political difficulties confronting the League Council, but this time they simply must be overcome if the League is not to turn itself into a horrible farce.—*'Vossische Zeitung,' Berlin Liberal daily.*

The present situation in the Far East is a source of deep regret not only to Japan and China, but to all the nations of the world. Every effort has been made to reach an amicable settlement, and it is to be hoped that by a continuance of these endeavors it will be possible to remove a situation that is causing such universal concern.

In regard to the unfortunate incidents that have taken place recently in Shanghai, I wish to make it clear that Japan's entire action has been one of self-defense.—*Naotake Sato, Japanese Delegate to the League of Nations.*

I have found the desire for accomplishment strong among all the delegations. Fate is in many ways working for us. For in this period of acute depression there is no country and no government that is not eager to cut out of its budget some part at least of that enormous amount which all are spending on armaments. There must be no saving on your pensions and on the pensions of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the last war. But there must be a saving on the provision for future wars.—*Arthur Henderson, President of the Disarmament Conference.*